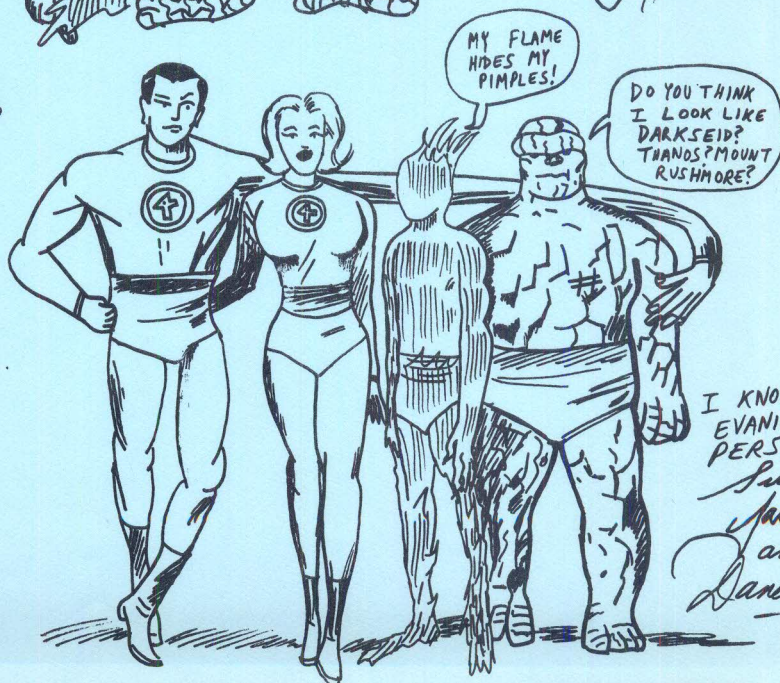
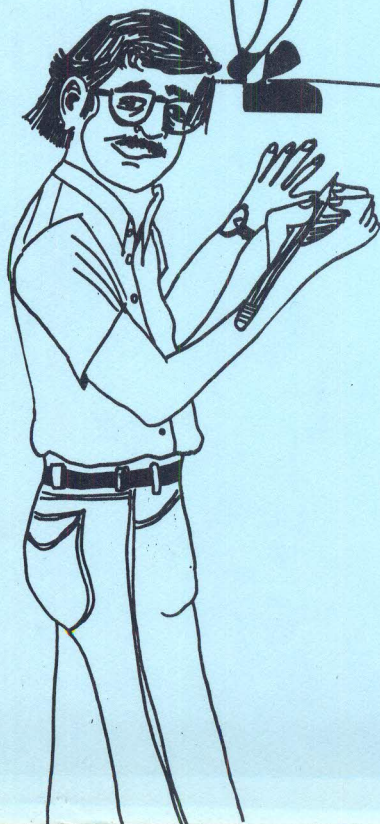


VARIATIONS ON A TEAM

BY DANA A. SNOW,
JACK KIRBY, AND
CHUCK JONES



I KNOW MARK
EVANIER
PERSONALLY!
Sincerely,
Jack Kirby
and
Dana A. Snow

CAN YOU READ THIS? IF SO, YOU'RE LITERATE.

SILLY SYMPHONIES #2, a Zine for Apafilk, Apa-69 & friends. Published by The My Ditto Machine Got Fixed But I Still Don't Have Dittomasters Press, also known as Dana A. Snow, 7356 Beverly Blvd. #3, LA, Ca. 90036. Large packages please send c/o Snow Family, 430 S. Burnside Ave. #11-L, LA, Ca. 90036. This is a collection of original filksongs (original & parody songs about science fiction), f**ksongs (about sex) & parodies (about anything). Copyright 1980 by Dana A. Snow. Unpaid performances allowed if writing credit announced; no paid performances or recordings allowed without written permission of author.

TRANSPORTER DELIGHT

Parody of: Dream a Little Dream of Me (Mama Cass hit)

Stars shining bright around you
Light breezes seem to waft in and out you.
You don't feel them 'cause you're still energy.
Next they'll beam a little beam of me!

Say "Energise" and send me
Don't salute right now; you will not offend me!
While I'm out in space as numb as can be,
Retain an atom pattern of me!

REFRAIN: Bones hates it, so he'll linger on, dear,
Still craving old ways!
He's longing to give me a lecture
~~He'll~~ ~~he'll~~ go on for day-ays!

Sweet dreams til Scotty finds you!
I trust him that your back will be behind you!
It takes fine tuning just like an old TV
To beam a little beam of me! (SCAT OUT.)

WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE

Parody of: "The Impossible Dream" (where I can't find my key)

(START A LITTLE LOW!)

To beam on a transporter beam!
To make any crewmember go!
To land on unlandable surface!
To fight an unbeatable foe!

(SEMI-
FALSETTO!)

This is my quest! I've gotta be nuts!
I say I am crazy! They say "You have guts!"
To fight for the right without question or pause
To be willing to date Doris Day---when she's not behind gauzel
And I know if I'll only be true to this glorious quest } syllable
That the reruns will still go on strong } problems?
When I'm just a gameshow guest!

(REGULAR!)

And all space will be better for this!
That one man, who does not smoke cigars,
Still strove to a theme by Alexander Courage!
To go---where no man's gone before!! (INTO FALSETTO)

STAR TREK TRIVIA:

- 1) The Horta has great agricultural wisdom & instinct & is being studied in Star Fleet Academy. The class is called "Horta Culture."
 - 2) Bela Oxmix's father was originally named Wojohowicz, but changed his name to match his highly successful food product---an instant stew. (OXMIX)
-

IDEA FOR A STAR TREK PARODY: A parody of "Casey Jones" called "Dr. Bones"

The way EVERYONE in musicals breaks into song seems like a disease----
"MUSIC-ITIS" (A CONTEMPORARY OPERA)

NEWSBOY: Extry! Extry! Read all about it!
I am here to shout about it!
The city is all singing in rhyme
And doctors hope it stops in time!

The city's been attacked by Music-itis!
It's a malady no one can cure!
But if we gotta have a malady!
It's better than leprosy, I am sure!

Some say the malady will linger on
And some say that it soon will end.
Some say we need a doctor to be our pal.
Some say we need Mitch Miller as our friend.

STRANGER: Paper boy! Oh paper boy! I'll buy one from you now!
Your singing is spectacular! You ought to take a bow!
Your voice control is excellent! You've also got good range.
So here's a brand new dollar bill, now please give me my change!

I am the doctor they have called at the local Air Force Base.
The epidemic's spread so wide, I'm scared to show my face!
The problem ain't an easy one. It needs more than a twist of the wrist.
So we've sent to California for the leading specialist!

(Dr. Music, MD, PhD & BMI enters in Groucho walk)

DR. MUSIC: Oh, I am Dr. Music! I also lead the band!
I understand you all are sick! But please give me a hand! (APPLAUSE)
I thank you both most heartily! It makes me feel quite grand!
I'm a Doctor of Musicology! The greatest in the land!
Oh, ASCAP has my membership! So does the AMA!
& since I'm in a joining mood, I'll join the PTA!
Just put this music on the news & tell folks to sing along!
This epidemic can be cured by just singing this song!

STRANGER: Let's try it first, my newsboy friend, let's see if this song works!

DR. MUSIC: Of course it does, my stupid friends! You're acting like 2 jerks!

STRANGER: Just pass the lyrics here, my friend, & let us be the judge!

DR. MUSIC: Well, since there is a child nearby, I'll only say "Oh fudge!"

(STRANGER, NEWSBOY & DR. MUSIC SING "AULD LANG SYNE" FROM THE PAPER,
SINGING FLAT IN DRUNK-LIKE MANNER)

STRANGER: We're cured!

DR. MUSIC: I told you!

NOTE: The rhyme scheme of the 1st verse is contradictory to the rest, so I
may try to change it.

FRAGMENT: Hey, Mr. Tangerine Man, chant a rune for me!

DAVEY CROCKETT PARODY:

Spacely! Spacely Sprockets! Sprockets for the Final Frontier!
Spacely! Spacely Sprockets! They're fab, mod & really gear!

Spacely was born on Omicron Ceti 3.
He understands engines better than you or me
& for consultations he gets a big fee
But his sprockets are cheap; in fact, they're all nearly free!

(Could use more verses on that)

A FEW MORE SHORT S.F. "FILK-SONGS":

How much is that globnarx in the window?
The one with the 7-foot tail?
How much is that globnarx in the window?
Does it come with its own mop & pail?

(I don't know how the rest of the original goes)

(DIANE DUANE TRIBUTE; TUNE: "HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCAMORRA?")

How are things with Segnebora?
Is she still holding feelings inside?
Or has her magic finally given bloom
Not just filled a room
With light to guide?

(That one's a little harder, not being based on a cliché. That's re: Dell paperback "The Door into Flame")

TWO SF filksongs in idea-stage:

- 1) Parody Buffy St. Marie's "Universal Soldier" re: EESmith's space operas or "Star Wars"
- 2) I want to do one about "Sirens of Titan" (Vonnegut) but I can't think of a rhyme for "chronosynclasticinfundibulum" (pablum? new bum? chrysanthemum?)

SOME SONGS & PARODIES ON OTHER SUBJECTS

ABOUT MUSIC---

Go tell Aunt Rhodie
She looks like Vaughn Bode
& she's a simpering toadie
I wish that she was dead.

(RE: My mention of Oingo Boingo last issue. Forget them. They're now punk & el stinko &---well, I made up this march song as I walked home:)
They're boring & annoying! It is a crying shame!
Yes, they're boring & annoying!
Once they were original & now they're the same!

(1st & 3rd lines are the same each verse; 2nd & 4th varies:)

OTB&A! They said "We'll make that our creed!
YTB&A! 'Cause they turned the thought into the dead!
OTB&A! It is a 1-2 punch!
YTB&A! They'll get rich; that is their hunch!
OTB&A! It's amazing but it's true!
YTB&A! If they can do it, then so can you!

"TRIVIA"

- 1) Billy Joel ate his 1st danish today & was unimpressed. He said
"It's still just a roll to me."
- 2) An unemployed musician was studying to be a safecracker.
SAFECRACKER: Do you know how you avoid leaving fingerprints?
MUSICIAN: (SANG) "All you need is gloves."

I'd better get off this page & onto the next one while the gettin's good!

ABOUT SEX--- (If SF parodies are filksongs, are these filthsongs?)
(FIRST SOME ANGRY ONES)

"50 WAYS TO KILL YOUR LOVER"

Paul Simon parody, started by Allan Beatty of Apa-69,
fleshed out thus far by Dana A. Snow

- 1) The problem is **all** inside your head, she said to me.
It's **all** so easy if you think sadistically.
You **still** can kill her & then get away scot-free!
There must be 50 ways to kill your lover!

CHORUS: Just stab her in the back, Jack!

Hit her with a pan, Stan!

Put some poison in her poi, Roy!

You'll get away free!

Run her over with a bus, Guss.

You don't need to confess, Jess!

~~Just put cyanide~~ in her tea, Lee, stuff
& you'll get away free. ← SYLLABLES

- 2) She said, "You know it's not my habit to intrude
& furthermore I think there's better things to do when in this mood
So let's get back to this, 'cause now we are in the nude,
Let's try out 50 ways to love your lover."

- 3) She said, "For now why don't we just forget your wife?
& I think that in the morning that you can pick out a knife."
And indeed soon as I awoke I went and took her life
I showed her 50 ways to kill my lover!
(Sing the chorus in past tense here)

(My dad said this tune was eminently parodyable so I did two:)

Lady of Spain, I abhor you! I only have contempt for you!
But I can't seem to ignore you! Because of your little moustache! (Ole!)

Lady in pain, I adore you! With a punch I'd like to floor you!
I hope my beatings don't bore you! 'Cause I'm the sadist supreme!! (Ole!)

(The latter is titled "Have you ever kissed a Masochist?" The former's more popular)

When my sugar walks down the street,
All the little birdies go "Oh my God!"

"HOUSEWIFE" (TUNE : "Bye Bye Blackbird")

Keep the kids & keep the house!
I'm no good! Just a louse!
Bye, bye, housewife!
I'll take the car! You take the bills!
It burns gas when taking hills!
Bye bye, housewife!
My wife simply doesn't understand me!
For a hardluck story, she is handy!
She makes my bed and turns out the lights!
So I stay out late at night!
Housewife, bye-bye!

WHAT A MEAN & HOSTILE PAGE! LET'S GET BACK TO NICENESS!!!

MORE SEX SONGS---

Love & screwing, love & screwing! Go together like detergent & bluing!
Any kind of weather! Let's go humping in the heather!
Love & screwing, love & screwing! Let's surprise your ma when she asks
"What'cha doing?"
Your dad once told your mother! "You can't have one without the other!"

(FROM "GUYS & DOLLS":)

I'm gonna fuck me a lady tonight! First one tonight that I sight!
Fuck, if my luck she should turn out to be a virgin!
I'll fuck the second lady tonight!

A lady doesn't fake orgasm! It isn't fair! It isn't right!
A lady doesn't prick-tease a fella all night
& then doesn't kiss him goodnight!

So---let's keep the orgy polite!
I'll do some foreplay alright!
But if you've ever been a lady to begin with,
Let me fuck you, my lady, tonight!

(TO "ROCK ISLAND LINE:")

Oh, my makeout line is a wonderful line!
Oh, my makeout line is the line to try!
My makeout line is a wonderful line!
If you want to try it---gotta buy it---fore you try it---
Buy me book out at the bookstore to learn my makeout line!

(TO KERMIT'S SONG:)

It's not easy writing clean.
You have to skip so many interesting things
And you start to wonder why
Some people want to shut the rest away.
(I'D LIKE TO WRITE MORE ON THAT ONE!)

(TO BEACH BOYS' TUNE:)

Oh, Saturn girls are very hot when they take off their rings!
And Pluto weather's so damn hot that they don't wear anything!
And Alpha Centauri women always make you feel just fine!
And the gals on Beta Minor, well, they have breasts that number nine!
Still I wish they all could be Terra Firma girls!
(I--OR ONE OF YOU---MAY WRITE FURTHER ON THAT ONE)

(TO LAVERNE & SHIRLEY THEME:)

Give us any snatch we'll taste it!
Give us any cock, we'll baste it!
We're gonna make our dreams come true! Doin' it our way!
I am quickly on my back now! Come on, honey! Let's hit the sack now!
Come on! I'll make your dreams come true! Doing it my way!
There is nothing we won't try! Never heard the word "impossible!"
Like we will unzip your fly---while you read to us from the Gossip-pull!
This time there's no stopping us!

MERMAID SONG by Paul Simon & Dana Snow: (Together again!)

With a bitch under troubled waters, I will lay me down!

Ding dong dell, pussy sure tastes swell!



A LITTLE
RETURN TO
SCIENCE
FICTION

Words: Dana A. Snow

Melody: Frankie & Johnny (or Josie)

(According to Carl Sandburg's "The American Songbag" published in 1927, there are over 110 Frankie songs. There are now over 111.)

- 1) Frankie and Johnny were lovers.
Oh Lordy, how they could love!
They swore to be true to each other
True as the stars above!
He was his man, but he done him wrong!
- 2) Frankie went down to the corner
To buy him a 6-pack of beer.
He said to the man at the counter
"Has my lovin' man been here?"
He was his man, but he done him wrong.
- 3) "Now you know that I can't keep a secret
And you know that I can't tell a lie,
But I saw your loverman Johnny
Leavin' here with another guy."
He was his man, but he done him wrong!
- 4) Frankie looked back at his ho-tel,
Looked at a window real high.
There he saw his lovin' Johnny
With his arms 'round Alex Bly!
He was his man, but he done him wrong!
- 5) (AND HERE'S WHERE THE LYRICS REALLY START TO CHANGE FROM TRADITIONAL)
Frankie was mad at his Johnny!
He'd been his lover and friend!
But now that he'd stepped out this tenth time,
Johnny soon would meet his end!
He was his man, but he done him wrong!
- 6) Frankie went back to the hotel.
He didn't go there for fun--
For hidden under his dope stash
Was his deadly .44 gun!
He was his man, but he done him wrong!
- 7) Frankie did not do his Midler.
He didn't camp it a bit.
He didn't do Mae or Liza!
He said "I'll shoot you where you sit!"
He was his man, but he done him wrong!
- 8) Alex said "Hi, Frank, ignore me!
Don't let me get in the way!
But you know I think you look tense.
Come on now, let's all be happy & gay!"
"No, he's my man and he's doin' me wrong!"
- 9) Frankie shot John 'neath the covers
And, you know, he didn't miss!
He had caught both of the lovers
In the middle of a---kiss.
He shot his man, because he done him (HOLD LAST NOTE LONG:) wrong.

My dad who helped me get it to scan, says that the usual song for turning into a gay song is "Johnny's Gone for a Soldier."

AUNT RHODIE (DIRTY VERSION) (GIVING HER AN OLD GREY GOOSE)

Go tell Aunt Rhodie (3 times), Her loverman is dead.
She's into necrophilia (3 times), So she'll bury him in her bed.

Motel with Aunt Rhodie (3 times). She's good at giving head.
The motel has closed circuit (3), and a real big waterbed.

I won't tell my uncle (3), he don't love her any more.
Besides he's cheating on her (3), I think he is next door.

She's into new positions (3), She'll try anything once.
She's read all of the manuals (3), so she won't seem a dunce.

She always is horny (3), she wants it all the time.
She thought of going hooking (3) & selling it for a dime!

(NOTE: That may not be the best order for the verses)

SADIE COHN LOVESONG (TUNE: "Supercalif-etc" from "Mary Poppins")

CHORUS: (Do chorus slowly so you can do verses fast)
Sadie Cohn has halitosis, 'specially after eating!
You should sit away from her if you are at a meeting!
Attraction to this lady then is always rather fleeting!
Sadie Cohn has halitosis, 'specially after eating!
Yum-tiddle-iddle-iddle-yum-tiddle-i! (2)

- 1) When she was young, she used to get some candy from her dad
& she went out to dinner lots 'cause with boys she was bad
But when she got to eating garlic, it was rather sad
'Cause there was no one tacky 'nuff to tell her what she had ('cuz you see--)
- 2) She tried computer dating, but her card it got a sniff
And she had not since brushed her teeth after a jar of Jif.
The computer it said "No comprende. Ne parle pas Anglais!"
& so she took out to the streets to try some other ways (but you see)
- 3) She tried to sell it on the streets, but could not find a john.
The problem it just multiplied; it just went on & on.
She'd strike a bargain rate with some man driving in a car,
But when she got down in the seat, he wouldn't take her far (because folks--)
- 4) So if you meet a hooker who has very awful breath
A woman who is starving & is really close to death!
Please sympathise because you know she once was some dear mother's daughter
& you'll have great fun with her if you rinse her mouth with water! (Because--)

(TO "KING OF THE ROAD:") "GAY SLAVE AUCTION"

Sailor for sale or rent! This decorator 50¢.

No girls, no kids, no pets! And don't burn him with your cigarettes!
(That got kinkier than I expected.)

TWO PARODY IDEAS:

- 1) To "The Cat Came Back": "The Gal Came Again" (verses are with whom)
- 2) A girl sings to John Holmes, "You're so long, it's been good to know ya"
- 3 more: (To "I Write the Songs:") "I Suck the Dongs," (to "Old Dan Tucker:")
"That Old Fucker," & "Three blind mice (This feels nice)"

(TO "HOLE IN MY BUCKET:")(this is not about Minelli & Kissinger)

LIZA: I've a hole will you fuck it, dear Henry, dear Henry.
" " a hole.

HENRY: Go masturbate, dear Liza, dear Liza, dear Liza,
" ", go fuck yourself.

LIZA: But my vibrator's busted, dear Henry, dear Henry,
" " busted....bastard.

HENRY: So get it fixed, dear Liza, dear Liza, dear Liza,
" ", fixed.

LIZA: But I don't know HOW, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
" ", HOW??

HENRY: Fuck a repairman, dear Liza, dear Liza, dear Liza,
" ", fuck him.

LIZA: But the repairman is gay, dear Henry, dear Henry,
" ", he's gay.

HENRY: So find a man for him, dear Liza, dear Liza,
Find a man who will fuck him, dear Liza, find a man.

LIZA: There's a hole in my repairman, dear Henry, dear Henry!
" "---

HENRY: Go to sleep.

AN ORIGINAL FRAGMENT:

Oh, the battle of the sexes is raging now in Texas
Lovers of long standing are into ropes & branding
No longer are they hidin' their friendly bareback ridin'
Even the longtime cowboy has switched to women now, boy!

END OF SEXSECTION!!!! AND WHAT A RELIEF! NOW WE CAN GET ON TO NICE TOPICS!

Farting Matilda! Farting Matilda!
Won't you stop farting, Matilda, near me?
Won't you please plug it up
Or fix your awful diet plan?
Please stop your farting, Matilda, near me!

(A SONG I GAVE TO DANNY MORA FOR HIS ACT:)
My part of town---Chicano is (2 times)
One town that is slightly brown!
It's my kind of town!

(TUNE: Simon & Garfunkel's "Scarborough Fair")
Are you going to see Yogi Bear
When he's on the show "Cartoon Time?"
Remember he's smarter than the average bear!
He once was a favorite of mine!

Are you going to see Ranger Smith?
When he's on the show "Cartoon Time!"
He tries to stop Yogi from stealing those picnics!
He once was a favorite of mine!

Are you going to see Booboo Bear
When he's on the show "Cartoon Time?"
He's a friend to bears & rangers alike!
He ought to go into politics!

PARODY IDEAS: (HELP WANTED)

- 1) I shout the MC, but I did not shoot the audience
- 2) A persistent salesman tries to sell to a hippy (brushes?)
"The Cat Came Back"

~~"HOLY WEED"~~ ^{TASTY} (Premise & original chorus---not printed here---
by Robert Bryan Lipton
Tune: "Mountain Dew")

CHORUS: Oh, they call it that good ol' Tasty Weed!
And it satisfies every need!
Only pot do I smoke
So I'll have me a toke
Of that good ol' tasty weed!

- 1) Oh, the newspapers say that it causes tooth decay!
It's amazing the stuff that you read!
They write in their iv'ry towers, during their cocktail hours
They just don't like my tasty weed!
- 2) (OPTIONAL VERSE; DIRTY)
Well, my Uncle Dud likes to play with his pud
He's done much more with that thing than peed
But to this here ole boy, he says he gets more joy
Out of smokin' that tasty weed!
- 3) Oh, my Uncle Phil has a wife on The Pill
& he says that it calms him indeed!
Yes, it makes him rejoice! At the top of his voice
When they're sharin' some tasty weed!
- 4) Oh, a banker so foul, with a permanent scowl
Once thought he'd foreclose on my deed!
But he gave me the house and stopped being a louse
When I gave him some tasty weed!
- 5) Some folks like their booze & it's their right to choose,
But I don't think I'll follow their lead!
For I want my rights to be spending my nights
Just a-smokin' that tasty weed!

(SING CHORUS ENTHUSIASTICALLY, POSSIBLY TWICE AT THE END)

NOTE: That song makes me enthusiastic. I may send it to NORML to use at rallies
& might record it for Dr. Demento & sing it as my act.

Rudolf the Drunken Raindeer had a very shiny nose!
And if you ever smelled him, you would hope that he soon goes.
All of the other reindeer used to give him their spare change!
They thought a drunken reindeer seemed to be a little strange!

Then one magic Christmas eve, Rudolf took the pledge!
Rudolf with his nose so red, took the icebag off his head!
Then all the reindeer loved him 'cause he's not a drunken sot!
They were relieved he quit booze & he switched to smoking pot!

Now wasn't that worth waiting for? Next issue, more mailing comments & probably
fewer actual songs unless I pull some out that I wrote before joining the apa.
Mainly I may give a "book report" on a heap of magazines & newspaper articles
on songwriting I haven't gotten around to reading. For newcomers, an apa is
where 20-to-50 people send amateur magazines to a Central Mailer who binds
them into a single volume & sends it to the members (amateur press association).
Apafilk is available from Robert Bryan Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, NY
11598. And to him I apologise for having so many sex songs here. I won't do
any more if requested not to, but I hope he'll run them anyway, if only to
test the waters. Bye now! (Mailing Comments next time too!) (1)

And now---so I can use my Fantastic Four drawings as a cover in Apafilk,
here are some songs about Marvel's Fantastic Four!----

A SONG FOR BENJAMIN GRIMM (A PARODY)

Thing! Sing a song! Sing out loud! Sing out strong!
Sing of good guys & bad! Don't sing disco! It's a fad!

DIRTY VERSION:

Thing! Show your shlong! What a penis! What a dong!
That's the biggest Man has had! Bet the girls flock to your pad!
(SPOKEN: I bet he REALLY gets his rocks off!)

HUMAN TORCH'S LAMENT (No melody yet & still a little awkward)

There's a fire in my heart over you.
I'm in heat, dear, so what can I do?
 How I yearn for you
 Yes, I burn for you.
I hope that your bed wasn't new.

I wish I wasn't a Human Torch.
I'm as loved as a Muppet from Gorch.
Just because I flame on,
I'm the one they put the blame on
Though I admit I'm the one who burnt your porch.

"THE FANTASTIC F***" (No melody as yet & a little awkward)

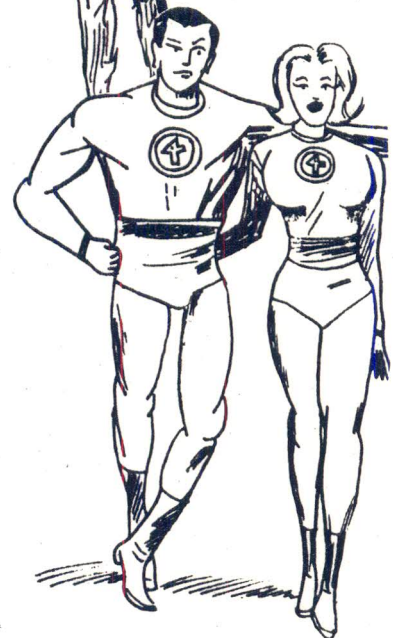
Though Reed is her one & only
Even heroines get lonely
And she really is a horny piece of tail
And though it drives some men neurotic
I find invisible girls erotic
'Cause I get to know her body just by Braille.

It's nice that I needn't give a thought
To our ever getting caught
'Cause I don't know what her husband Reed would do.
No one ever knows we're lovers.
I seem alone under the covers
But her screaming at orgasm is a clue.

Though her husband is elastic,
He's inclined to be bombastic
& he leaves her alone for days to work in his lab.
So in lieu of Mr. Fantastic,
She dates DC's Man of Plastic
And that's me & that is why I think that's fab.

Well, this zine is pretty damn impressive. I somewhat doubt I could come up
with this many parodies again next time. This was from gradually accumulated
ideas & browsing my dad's folkmusic book collection & a music store & I've
been away from parody-writing a long time....but we'll see.....And now this
really IS the end of my zine. Be zine you!

Dana



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APA-Filk is a quarterly Amateur Press Association for filksingers. We welcome songs, discussions of filksongs and other material such as eight-page debates over a single word. Those who maintain the minimum activity rate of a page and issue or four pages a year receive their copies for the cost of postage. Noncontributors pay more to discourage dead-headism.

The cost of this issue to contributors is postage. Non-contributors must pay \$1.25 + postage. Copies of issues ## 2-7 are available for \$1.75@ plus postage... send lots of money.

Copy count for #9 is 50 copies. For those who do not have access to printing facilities, the Management can electro-stencil material and mimeograph it. Electrostencils have just dropped to 30¢ per page. Mimeography is 40¢ per sheet.

It is suggested that interested individuals send the Management a couple of bucks, payable to Robert Lipton, address above.

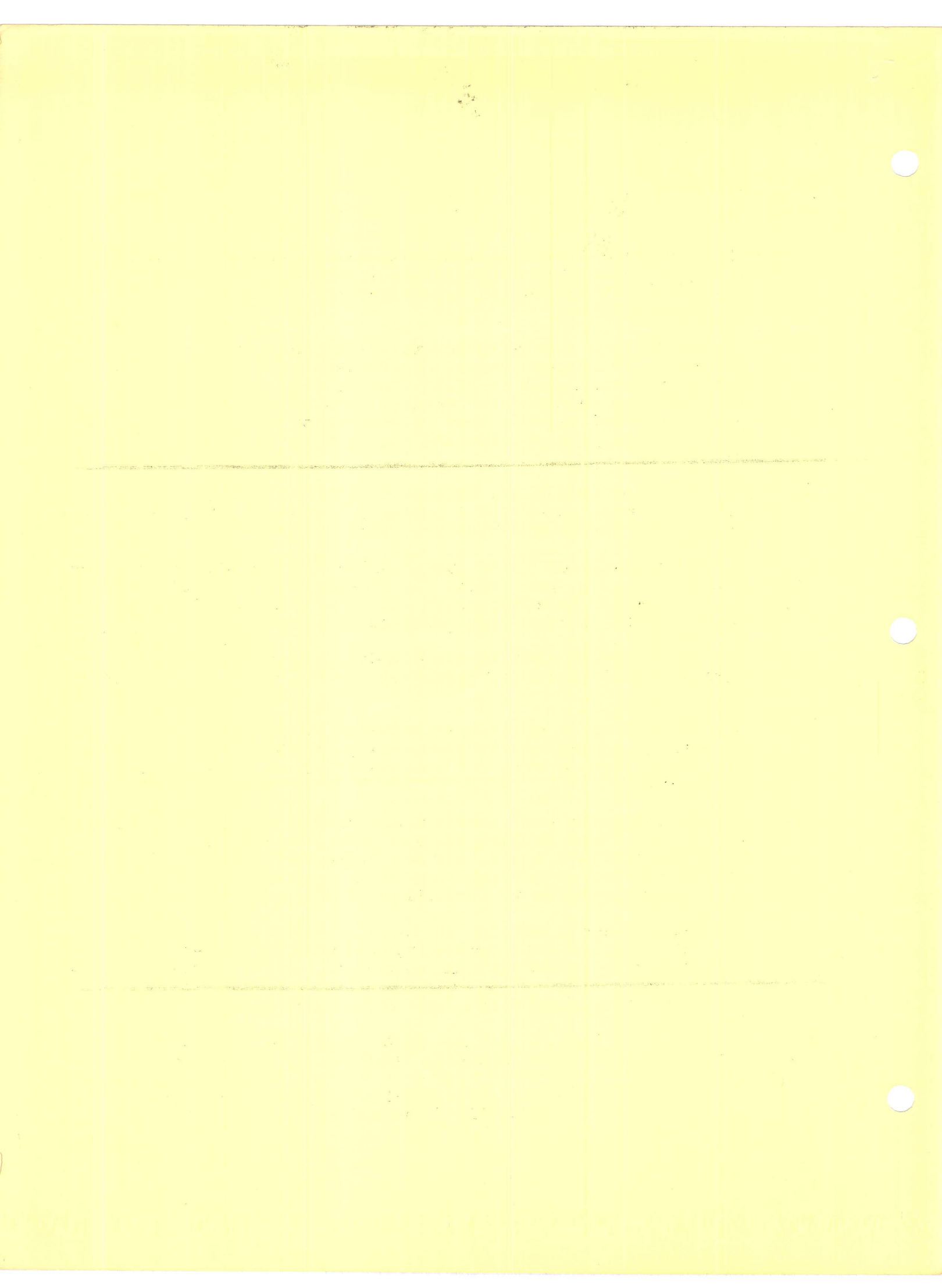
There will be no editing of material unless the author specifically requests such; however, the Management reserves the right to lose or even not receive items which are considered below standards.

It is suggested that contributors format their pieces with wide left and right margins because some people like to bind their filksongs into books, and the Management will often print what was intended as a front page as a backpage; and wide top and bottom margins to facilitate printing.

Lee Burwasser is keeping an index of songs published herein. For further information, please contact her. Greg and Sharon Baker hold filksinging parties. For further information, contact them. Anyone else who knows what this apa simply must have to survive, like ToCs, is urged to provide it.

APA-Filk #9 will be out in early February. Contributions are due by 1 Feb. 1981. Send all material to the Management.

DEADLINE FOR APA-FILK #9: 1 FEBRUARY 1981
COPY COUNT FOR APA-FILK #9: 50 COPIES



ANAKREON

#8, APA-File Mailing #8

Samhain 9980 (1 November 1980)

THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION (supplement)

Six months ago I was able to collect and publish 100 verses of this Neo-Pagan song. The collection, in ANAKREON #8, was received very well by Neo-Pagans and their friends, and a lot of people sent in verses that I'd missed, or that they'd composed since then. I would like to thank them for making possible the publication of this supplement.

The chorus is sung after every verse.

167. We will worship Zarathustra
We will worship like we usta
I'm a Zarathustra boosta
He's good enough for me.

CHORUS: Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me!

168. We will worship like the druids
Drinking strange fermented fluids
Dancing naked through the woo-eds
But that's good enough for me.

169. We will worship good old Buddha
Of the gods there are none cutah
Comes in silver, brass and pewtah
And that's good enough for me.

170. I will wake up in the morning
When the Lord gives me the warnin'
That the Solar Age is dawnin'
And that's good enough for me.

171. It was good enough for Tim Zell
It was good enough for Tim Zell
With that beard he'll never freeze. Well,
That's good enough for me. (RW)

172. There's this Druid who is Jewish
He is nice and sometimes foolish.
"Oy Vey! You don't look Druish!"
Let's define our terms!" says he. (RW)

173. Oh, the Christians are a-hummin'
'Cause they say their God is comin'
But our God has come two times tonight
And the Goddess at least three! (RW)

174. It's no good for Jimmy Carter,
He just wants to be a martyr,
And would be if he were smarter,
But it's good enough for me.

175. It's no good for Ronald Reagan
It's no good for Ronald Reagan,
He's too square to be a Pagan,
But it's good enough for me.

176. It's John Anderson's solution
To put Christian absolution
In the U. S. Constitution,
Which ain't good enough for me. (JB)

177. Oh, the Muslims worship Allah
And obey the Ayatollah
And they can't drink alcohol-a
That's not good enough for me!

178. It was good for fair Apollo
The Sun's rays does he follow
He'll be back again tomorrow
And that's good enough for me. (PP)

179. It's no good for Billy Graham
He just won't give a damn
He's too much of a ham
But it's good enough for me. (PP)

180. It was good for lovely Artemis
Who'd like to get to the heart of us
She's glad to be a part of us
And that's good enough for me. (PP)

181. It was good enough for Hecate
She's trying to make a witch of me
I wish I could choose which one of three
And it's good enough for me. (PP)

(continued on p. 3)

THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION REVISITED

Six months ago, I printed up all the verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion" which I could locate, greatly helped by a number of Neo-Pagans and their friends who sent in verses they had heard of or composed themselves. Altogether, 266 verses were printed in ANAKREON #6, including 34 that were composed in a competition at the 2nd Mid-Atlantic Pan-Pagan Conference And Festival (MAPPCAF-II).

ANAKREON #6 went into the 6th Mailing of APA-Filk, and was also distributed through the Neo-Pagan community, thanks to announcements in Circle Network News, Boreas, and other publications. It got a most gratifying reception, and many of its recipients sent in the new verses that are quoted herein. As with the verses in ANAKREON #6, I have kept editorial efforts to an absolute minimum, despite some temptation from one contributor who seems equally ignorant of rhyme, meter, spelling, and punctuation.

ANAKREON is published quarterly by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226. This issue is aimed at the 1 November 1980 (Samhain) Mailing of APA-Filk, an amateur press association devoted to those spontaneous and sometimes satiric songs called "filk-songs". However, this issue is being released a bit early so that it can be distributed at MAPPCAF III on the weekend of

This is 10-13 October 1980. (Thanks to Judy Harrow, Brian Burley, Fred Kuhn and Astryd for arranging this.) A copy of ANAKREON #8 will be sent to anyone who asks for it and sends in a stamped, self-addressed envelope with 15¢ of postage on it. ANAKREON #6, or both issues together, will be sent if 28¢ of postage is provided. (Unfortunately, ANAKREON #6 came in just over the limit for which the one-ounce rate applies.)

To So far, two different stories have come in of how "That Real Old-Time Religion" originated. Robin R. Arnhold writes that Lady Cybele started it a decade or more ago, and says that Verses 1, 3, 4, 6, and possibly 13 are of her composition, with a chorus "Give me that old Craft religion". "The first exposure to people other than Madison-area Pagans came when Lady Cybele sang some of her songs in informal sessions at the Gnostica festivals in the early '70's." But Allison Harlow claims that "Victor Anderson, the blind shaman of San Leandro...first began singing these verses; we taught the idea to NROGD and Nemeton, whence it caught on in the mid-West...and finally reached the East Coast."

Several people have told me of yet other verses, and I know that another supplement may be necessary. I would like to hear any and all additions and corrections that readers may have, and also identification of authors whose identities are not known to the present compiler.

Finally, I would like to express my appreciation for the thanks, support, and cooperation I have received in this endeavor from Neo-Pagans all over the continent.

Following the list of authors are notes on some of the verses.

AH - Allison Harlow	FP - Florence P.	MB - Mark Blackman
CG - Cemoc Gilcrom	GT - Glen R. Taylor	PP - Prudence Priest
CO - Catherine Olanich	HB - "Hugo T. Bear"	PS - Pete Seeger
Cy - Lady Cybele	JB - John Boardman	RA - Robin R. Arnhold
ER - Eric Raymond	JD - John Desmond	RW - Russ Williams
FK - Fred Kuhn	LL - Leonard Lake	

38: Written by CG.

97: Written by CG.

167-170: Bob Lusk printed these verses in Sing Out of Jan.-Feb. 1980, but doesn't know who wrote them. The Sing Out comment cited other verses sung by PS.

171, 172, 204: These verses describe well-known members of the Neo-Pagan community.

174: Variant 2nd & 3rd lines: "He's too busy bein' a martyr, (It might be if he were smarter)"

(continued from p. 1)

182. It was good enough for Thor
I can hear his thunder roar
Or maybe it's his snore,
But it's good enough for me. (PP)

183. It was good enough for Eris
We'd love to have her near us
Her apple wouldn't hear of it
And it's good enough for me. (PP)

184. At Troy nobody was meaner
Than the Greek goddess Athena,
Mopped them up with Ajax cleaner
So she's good enough for me! (MB)

185. Oh, you need no priests for Amon,
He looks kindly upon laymen,
'Course he'd much rather lay women,
So he's good enough for me! (MB)

186. There's the god who is a monkey,
His behavior's kind of funky,
But he makes a lousy bunkie,
Still he's good enough for me! (MB)

187. I will kill an old black rooster,
Show that I'm a Satan booster,
He's not drawing like he used to,
But he's good enough for me! (FP)

188. We will jump the old bonfire
Though the flames are soaring higher,
If you miss you join the pyre,
But it's good enough for me! (FP)

189. Wrap your sacrifice in wicker,
It will make the flames burn quicker,
Though the smell makes some folks sicker,
It's still good enough for me! (FP)

190. Oh, the Welsh gods you announce 'em,
Ask me my gods to renounce 'em,
But your gods I can't pronounce 'em,
Being tongue-tied's not for me! (MB)

191. We will all go to the Black Mass,
And kiss the goat upon his ass,
Though you think it hasn't much class,
Still it's good enough for me! (FP)

192. We will bow down and worship Ops
'Cause we think that she is the tops,
Turned a lot of guys into Pops
And she's good enough for me! (MB)

193. We will sacrifice to Kali,
Though her Thugs don't act too pally,
When you meet them in an alley,
She's still good enough for me! (FP)

194. We will read the Kama Sutra,
The positions are quite "outré,"
But as long as you're not "neutre"
Then it's good enough for me! (FP)

195. If you're worshipping Athena,
Then your morals must be cleaner
And your brain a little keener,
But that's good enough for me! (FP)

196. If you want to worship Shiva,
Throw some flowers in the river,
But if Shiva will deliver,
Then that's good enough for me! (FP)

197. Do you know what brought Baldur low,
His Achilles heel, mistletoe,
His systems are no longer "GO,"
But he's good enough for me! (FP)

198. You can sacrifice to Kali
Even if you're no Bengali,
Just by mugging in an alley,
And that's good enough for me! (FP)

199. We will go and worship Shiva,
While we're bathing in the river,
It's so cold it makes me shiver,
But that's good enough for me! (FP)

200. Millions Marx and Lenin follow,
Or in Mao's Red Book they will follow
Their Party Line I cannot swallow,
There are older gods for me! (MB)

201. Others followed Rev'rend Jim Jones,
In Guyana they found their bones,
Kool-Aid mixed with cyanide stones,
But it's not my cup of tea! (MB)

202. It was good enough for Hades
Though he's glad he didn't make us
At least, he won't try to save us
And that's good enough for me. (PP)

203. We'll pay homage to Godzilla
In the Oriental thriller,
He did in the big gorilla
And he's good enough for me! (FK)

204. It was good enough for Margot,
It was good enough for Margot,
And her book I could not forego,
'Cause it's good enough for me! (HB)

205. It was good for Mother Heget,
Who brought babes with lots of racket,
It was good for Mother Heget,
And it's good enough for me! (HB)

206. It was good for the goddess Eris,
Who in anger would not spare us,
Gave an apple for to snare us,
And that's good enough for me! (HB)
207. It was good for Beltane fires,
Put out by lying friars,
It was good for Beltane fires,
And it's good for you and me! (HB)
208. Dionysius drank his wine down,
As the Bacchae stumbled all round,
And the pirate ship came aground,
And that's good enough for me! (HB)
209. We've all heard of Illuminati
We've all heard of Illuminati,
Their security is kinda spotty,
But it's there for you and me. (HB)
210. Are you waiting for the rapture?
Are you waiting for the rapture?
Go on wait, see if I care,
But that's not good enough for me! (HB)
211. We all like to go skinny dippin'
After which we're often drippin'
And some of us are trippin'
Hey there, wait for me! (HB)
212. Robert Wilson keeps on bookin'
For his titles I keep lookin'
He always knows what's cookin'
But don't take him seriously. (HB)
213. You all know the goddess Eris,
She had an apple for the fairest,
But we've got to learn to share; is
That good enough for you? (HB)
214. We're all children of the Goddess,
We're all children of the Goddess,
She always fed and shod us,
She's so good to you and me! (HB)
215. It was good enough for Loki,
Whose humor was okey dokey,
He'd laugh and take a tokey,
And that's good enough for me! (HB)
216. Well, gather me in a basket,
And then find me a lead-lined casket,
Three Mile Island blown a gasket,
And that's all there is of me. (LL)
217. Down in Jonestown they were boozin'
And there might have been more enthusin'
If us Pagans had been loosen
But that's good enough for me! (LL)
218. We will light up to Sativa,
I have toke-weed up my sleeve, a
Trick I learned in the Yeshiva,
Which is good enough for me! (GT)
219. We will observe Tu b'Shevat,
It's a Jewish holiday that
Sounds Druidic - but don't say that.
Or the JAPS will come for me! (GT)
220. We will all go worship Juno,
For there is one thing we do know:
She did not burn Brother Bruno,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)
221. In the temple which is Hebe's,
And constructed by the Seabees,
She can cure the heebie-jeebies,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)
222. We will go and weep for Tammuz,
But we'll laugh at springtime's promise,
And a few will then be mommas,
Which is good enough for me! (JE)
223. We're not crazy over Ares,
For his men give us the scares,
And they kill like Christ's and Mary's,
Which ain't good enough for me! (JB)
224. We will worship like the Incas,
Who were all heroic drinkers,
Though the peasants called them stinkers,
Still, it's good enough for me! (JB)
225. We will praise the god Toutatis,
When the Pagan frenzy's got us,
Till we strain the epiglottis,
Still it's good enough for me! (JB)
226. I was there when Lemminkainen
Crashed the winin' and the dinin'
And left poor old Louhi whinin',
Which was quite a sight to see. (JB)
227. We will all go worship Vesta,
For her cooking is the best o'
All the food at the fiesta,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)
228. We will raise our cups to Bragi,
And we'll drink until we're groggy,
And the pretzels get all soggy,
But that's good enough for me! (JB)
229. We will visit with the Sidhe,
And we'll drink until we're giddy,
Leave behind G. Gordon Liddy,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

230. We will ask a boon of Mimir,
While the Northern Lights will glimmer;
I would not mind being slimmer,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

231. We will even worship Yoda,
Who is small as an iota,
But fulfills his Jedi quota,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

232. We will praise the gods of Hagar
At a sort of Nordic seder -
Buy the sacraments from Zabar,
And that's good enough for me! (JB)

233. At the Festival of Milcom,
Let the women on the pill come,
And then everybody will come,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

234. We will hoist a mighty flagon
To the glory of ol' Dagon,
And we won't go on the wagon,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

235. We will sing the praise of Ra-a,
And of Amon, who goes "Ba-a!",
And the Pharaoh's whole brou-ha-ha,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

236. We will praise the wily Trickster
Who of talents is a mixture,
And is famous as a prickster,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

237. There's a woman I've heard tell on
Thinks a gay is just a felon.
Throw her into Mt. St. Helen,
And that's good enough for me! (JB)

238. We will go and worship Veles,
All us Pagan gals and fellows,
And we'll Czech out what he'll tell us,
For it's good enough for me! (JB)

239. To Our Lady of Ephesians,
Who has taps for all secretions,
We will dance like Polynesians,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

240. We will bow down to the Goddess,
As she wears her Cretan bodice,
And the women cry, "Come prod us!"
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

241. If we all go worship Amon,
He will send to end a famine,
Bagels, cream cheese, and smoked
salmon,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

242. We will all go worship Shango,
Who will make the thunder bang-o,
End the drought down in Durango,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

243. We will guzzle RC Cola
When we join the Ayatollah,
'Cause he ain't no Holy Roller, (JD &
And that's good enough for me! CO)

244. Let us all go squeeze the Charmin,
Send Mist' Whipple back to farmin',
He will find our pranks alarmin' (JD &
But it's good enough for me! ER)

245. Kali has her vengeance brewing
Against all the evil-doing -
It was she shot J. R. Ewing,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

246. Let us worship like the Egyptians,
Build pyramids to put our crypts in,
Fill the subways with inscriptions,
And it's good enough for me! (PS)

247. When the wind is turnin' howly,
And the thunder's gettin' growly,
Then you know you're workin' Crowley,
And he's good enough for me! (Cy)

248. Clap one hand if you love the
Buddha,
Clap one hand if you love the Buddha,
It will put you in the mood ta,
And that's good enough for me! (RA)

249. Clap one hand if you love the
Buddha,
It will put you in the mood ta
Set off for Nirvana
And that's good enough for me! (RA)

250. When we gather with Astarte
It will be a noisy party,
For the lovin' will be hearty,
And that's good enough for me! (RA)

251. Come and worship Huehuetéotl,
Sit around and chew peotl,
What a way to get totalled,
But it's good enough for me! (RA)

252. Let us sacrifice to Chac Mol
For rain just burn some copal -
Hey! There's a flood out in the hall
But it's good enough for me. (RA)

253. Let us worship Egyptian Min
Christians call our orgies sin,
But new morality is in,
And it's good enough for me! (RA)

THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION (continued from p. 2)

- 175, 176: Heard from AH.
- 177: Printed in Church of Wicca Bakersfield Newsletter.
- 219: Tu b'Shevat, the 15th day of the month Shevat, is Israeli Arbor Day. It falls by the Roman Calendar in February. "JAP" has nothing to do with Nihon, but stands for "Jewish American Princess".
- 210: I Thessalonians 4:17.
- 206, 209, 212, 213: These refer to Robert Anton Wilson's tiresome Illuminatus tetralogy; verse 212 evaluates it prexisely.
- 220: Giordano Bruno, a former Dominican monk, was burned at the stake in 1600 by You Know Who, for teaching that the Earth goes around the Sun.
- 221: "Seabees" = "C. B.", the Construction Battalion of the U. S. Navy during World War II.
- 232: Zabar's is a good but expensive delicatessen on Manhattan's West Side.
- 246: RA sent this; it's the only one she remembers of the verses PS sang at the Milwaukee Summerfest on 2 July 1980.
- 247: Sung at the Pan-Pagan Festival, 23 August 1980.
- 250: "I personally think the rhyme scheme is a significant improvement over Verse 8." - RA
- 251: The god's name is pronounced "Way'-way-tay"oatl."
- 252: Copal is meso-American incense. "Meso-American archaeologists aren't too clear on what Chac Mol was all about, but some years ago several Chac Mols were placed on exhibit at a Swedish museum. Somebody thought it would be a great idea to burn incense in the bowl-like depression on Chac Mol's stomach. It was the wettest summer in Swedish history." - RA
- 253: Min is the ancient Egyptian god of fertility. "Egyptian Min" is not to be confused with "Sinful Min", formerly of the BBC's Goon Show.

ANAKREON #8

John Boardman

234 East 19th Street

Brooklyn, New York 11226

U. S. A.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Who originated "That Real
Old-Time Religion"?

funny thing about that.

(See page 2.)

SOMETHING OF NOTE #8

Something of Note is produced for the eighth collation of

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE
QUANTITY PUBLICATION
383

APA-Filk, due to
take place on or
about the first
day of November
1980. This is turn-

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Y^e FAKE OLDE ENGLISH & FILKSONGS

Lee Burwasser and I seem to have entered into another
of our long discussions of trivialities. The last time, as
I remember, it was the matter of the relationship of the
Aristotlean dramatic unities and Star Wars. In this case,
it is a question of whether to change a line in 'Alf Tuchuks-
bane' from:

Foremost of the fourfooted to ever bark or bray
to:

Foremost of the four-footed breed to ever bark or bay.

Big matter, isn't it?

My contention is that the insertion of the word 'breed'
does not upset the rhyme scheme, but fills it and adds to
the alliteration. Lee's statement is that it upsets the stress-
pattern of the march (see Strum & Drang v.II #3 last coll-
ation).

Before going into our corners, let me shake my opponent's
hand and state that I appreciate Lee's stand and I think
it is a necessary stand. Someone has to pay attention to
small details, since so many do not. As Robert Frost once
remarked on hearing someone's free verse, one must write
love-dove-moon-spoon stuff first. You have to know the rules
thoroughly and appreciate why they work before you can
consider breaking them.

I myself like a looser form of lyrics. I put a lot of
syncopation into my lyrics and I will often ignore the final
's' on a word in choosing a rhyme. There is a good chance
I shall spend an additional twenty million years in purga-
tory for this, but it is a risk I am willing to take.

It will later become clear to the reader that Lee and I
have not been arguing over the major point as we would appear
to, but a different one. Be calm and wait.

HISTORY LESSON: Old English poetry did not use meter and
rhyme. Instead it used alliteration and stress. Instead of
counting syllables it counted only stressed syllables. Modern
songs still often use this when a partial-syllable word occurs,
such as 'a' or 'the,' but in such cases the beat is maint-

14 August 1980

ained in terms of the music, the beat. Consider this example from the works of Freed & Brown:

I've got a feelin' you're foolin'.
I've got a feelin' you're havin' fun.
I'll get a go-by when you are done
Foolin' with me.

The stress patterning is not all that regular-- in print. When the song is sung, however, the 4/4 beat of the music provides the guidelines. The stresses indicate which syllables should be lengthened, and woe to the person who tries to put an inappropriate syllable in such a place.

Lee properly points out there are three levels of stress in a march: primary stress on the beat of the left foot striking the ground; secondary when the right foot strikes the ground; and unstressed when a foot is in the air.

Consider the following march from Kuttner & Moore's "Nothing but Gingerbread Left":

1. LEFT my WIFE and SEventeen CHILdren in STARving con-
DITion with NOthing but GINGERbread LEFT.

Syllables with either primary or secondary stress are capitalized. Primary-stressed syllables are also underlined. As you can see this march, as most marches, is stress-oriented. Some of the unstressed passages are half a syllable long, some one syllable and some one and a half.

Because of the rise of Continental poetic forms in England following the Norman Conquest (which forms are still not suited for the English language), the Anglo-Saxon forms have largely disappeared. Stress has been largely subsumed into the beat of the music. That is what is fun about syncopation. Alliteration is reduced to a 'folk process' and a secondary mnemonic. It is useful for memorization but because of its disrepute is not constrained by matters of stress ("we don't notice things like that"). Nowadays, besides tune, the major mnemonics are rhyme and meter. Assonance and punning are almost never noticed.

Let us parse the line under dispute in a stress-oriented manner. Under that usage the purposes of a suggested mnemonic should be more obvious. Since we have the 2/2 beat of a march, we'll divide each line into one primary and one secondary stress.

It was in attempting to do this that I first realized that the disagreement arose because I sing the song in a manner different from Lee. She puts the stress on the first syllable of each line; I put it on the second. The trouble is that the song is singable in either manner. The song can even be sung to my stress-patterning and Lee's words: the exigencies of the march compel one to stretch syllables to fit.

Below is how the stress patterns are produced in my and Lee's versions.

MY VERSION

foreMOST of THE
four-FOOTed BREED
to EVER BARK
or BAY is ALF

LEE'S VERSION

FOREmost OF the
FOUR-footED to
EVER BARK or
BAY is ALF our

Once again, stressed syllables are capitalized and primary-stress syllables (left foot striking) are also underlined.

Here can be seen the power of stress. Normally both 'the' and 'of' are unstressed words, usually shortened into schwa-pronounced half syllables.

If one considers stress, both forms are equally valid; my version is straight iambic (if I may use an equivalent term from metrical poetry) while Lee's is straight trochaic.

Let us now consider the matter of the other secondary mnemonics: alliteration, assonance and punning.

In both versions the pun shifting 'fore' in the first line to 'four' in the second is conserved, although Lee's is stronger because of the stress-patterning. In mine, 'breed' is suggested by assonance from 'the' and in turn suggests by alliteration, 'BARK' and in conjunction with that, 'bay.' Lee's version yields one secondary in prime position (fore-four). Mine gives one in tertiary position (fore-four), one in secondary (the-breed) and two in mixed phase (breed-bark-bay); yet, in terms of straight metrical poetry I give one in secondary and three in primary.

True, song is not metrical poetry (as I have tried to make clear in the above lines), but for such a strongly stressed song as a march there is no reason to pay much attention to distinctions between primary and secondary stress. Your feet striking the ground take care of that.

Having spent two and a half pages defending my thesis, I am struck by the fact that it looks as though I had worked out this analysis completely when I suggested the insertion of that poor little 'breed'. Alas, my mind is not that orderly. I was struck by the possibility of the alliteration, suggested it, and on reading Lee's scholarly and enjoyable discussion of stress patterns, examined the line, parsed it and came up with these observations.

But a creative act is not justified by analysis, but by the fact that it works. Not only is a full analysis unnecessary when something works, but it makes everything look so complicated.

So, no, you don't have to go through these long analyses, folks. Just pay attention to the primary mnemonics of rhyme and meter and when a secondary shows up, use it. You'll find at least two people who will use reams of paper to argue its propriety. Sgeaking as a B.A. in English, this indicates something about the relationship of criticism and literature that I don't want to consider at the moment.

ONE MORE TIME
APA-Filk #7

COVER As usual, in an emergency, John came through with Boardman another collage cover. This time, some of the items even had something to do with songs.

ANAKREON #7 Like your verses to 'Nuke the Whales'. Something John Boardman disturbs me about your second line, though: do whales have tails? Do whales have tails. Do cats eat bats... I don't think that the two versions of 'Rock of Ages' are unrelated. The tunes show similarity. For those unfamiliar with it, here are the English translations of 'Ma'or Zor.'

Rock of Ages, let our song praise thy saving power.
Thou, amidst the raging foe, wast our shielding tower.
Furious they assailed us,
But thine arm availed us.
And thy word broke their sword when our own strength failed us.

As you can see, both have the image of the Rock as a shield.

SILLY SYMPHONIES #1 The closest I've seen to your suggested "Mine Dana Snow on Saturn's Moon" was one to 'Shine On, Harvest Moon' that began: "Cylons Cylons blow the moon out of the sky..." Some of your verses to 'Old Time Religion' don't scan properly.

This Slobbovia is based on Al Capp's by a long circuitous route.

'Harcourt Fenton Whozis' starts out very nicely and then collapses. Liked 'Yesterday.'

Please, whenever possible, put down a song the lyrics can be sung to. For example, your 'Harcourt Fenton Whosiz' should be marked: "Tune: Budweiser Commercial."

STRUM UND DRANG V.2#3 Since I already have three pages of comments... Lee Burwasser

TONE DEAF BARD #5 I remember very well the use by 'White Rock' of Mark W. Richards 'Sippin' Cider.' Can't Stop the Music is most certainly not the first disco musical. What happened to Saturday Night Fever? Do you remember Thank God It's Friday?

I might change the first line of 'Art Show Blues' to "Sing a song of art shows, till you're sick of horns." The reason is that the 'corn' of 'unicorn' is generally recognized as the same word as 'horn' and is so not valid as a rhyme.

Why, in 'This Con' do you shift from 'This Con ain't got no' in the first verse to 'This con doesn't have any' in the second? Anyway, needs more work.

As for your comments on Fred Kuhn's album, see mine, below.

QWXb!! If we ever get into a shooting war I'll let you have Greg Baker a debowdlerized 'Old Soldiers Never Die' I've been working on.

GET YOUR FILK OFF MY KNEE! #1 Right, Greg, I'll never bug you
Gregory Costikyan again.

FILKSONGS OLD & NEW I first heard the new verses to 'Chemist's
Harold Groot Drinking Song' from Eric Raymond and thought
that he had had a hand in writing them.

Thought your 'Solo' was hillarious. I thought that Solo and
Chewbacca were lovers, something reinforced by the scene in Empire...
when Han is dropped into the carbon frrezer.

SINGSPIEL #7 Liked 'Scuzzy Lane.'
Mark Blackman

One of the pleasures of going to conventions is the
opportunity to hear Fred Kuhn perform. In the past few years, he
has been working with a group named "Light" but to my taste Fred
is best with his twelve-string guitar. Listening to Light is
often a matter of listening to Light tune up in accordance with
Boardman's Law of Bands which states that the time necessary
to tune up is directly proportional to the square of the guitars.

Still, when Light is tuned up and rolling along it is good.
The pieces are written with humor and intelligence and performed
with skill.

A couple of years ago, a bunch of people got together and
decided to issue a collection of Fred's pieces. After an uncon-
scionably long gestation period, A Song of Gods Gone Mad is out.

That's the good news. The bad news is that the studio work
has ruined the songs. The only piece that holds up is Fred's
handling of 'Bells of Rhymney,' and that holds up because it
is unaffected, just Fred's fingers skipping over the strings.
But the other pieces one would expect to be excellent, such as
'Eternity Machine' and 'Funhouse' are fuzzed up in studio noises:
echoes, fuzzing, overtracks and miscellaneous sounds that are
unidentifiable and unjustifiable. As for my favorite piece by
Fred, the defiant 'Great Lord Lucifer', it is ruined by the intru-
sion of echoes, drums and what sounds like a woodwind. The words
are too weak and the accompaniment too strong throughout this
album for it to be really good.

Abyssinia,



Robert Bryan Lipton

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E. 18th
St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229;
212-336-3255; Oct. 17, 1980

THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-Filk #7

And a Happy New Year.

52

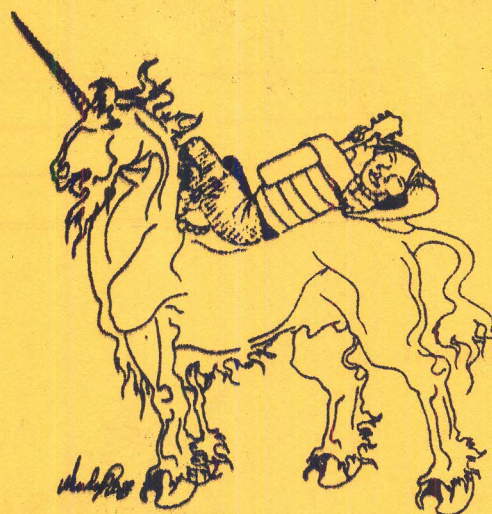
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Edited by Jordin Kare,
Teri Lee, and David Bratman



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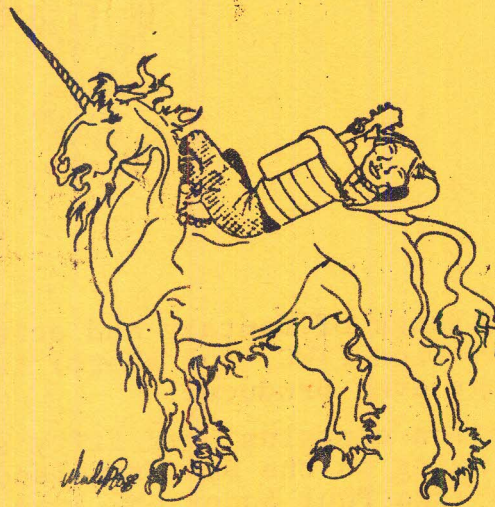
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\$TRUM UND DRANG

VOL. II #4

S u D

SAMHAIN

Perpetrated by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781, for inflicting on the addicts of APA-FILK. You have been warned!

T W A N G S

ANAKREON (Boardman): Guitar strings are in the right range for beat-tuning, even if you tune them as low as I do. Anyone who can sing below the low E (or D or C) can carry the bass line all by himself. // My heresy — for which I was never tried — is that ~~Moté~~ is not on Mars at all. He's in my medicine chest, in the form of a pill 1" in diameter and $\frac{1}{4}$ " high. If you can swallow that, you can swallow anything.

// LRY sang:

We are sinking deep in sin
Won't you come and push us in?
We're becoming nervous wrecks
From our attitude toward sex.
We're so liberal and so free:
Join in our annual spree.
We are sinking deep in sin —

(spoken): Whe-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e!

SuD (me): Bob! I type the master's on the assumption that page one will be on the right-hand side of the spread, page two on the left, et cetera. You got the odd-numbered pages shifted over enough to go the other way, but the even-numbered pages suffered.

TOBE-DEAF BARD (Richards): Good art is too expensive for the average con-goer. And some of the best is not what you want on your walls. // Hm. See next section on obscure songs. // I'm going the same way, and for much the same reason. SCA is good inspiration, but after a while it actually gets in the way of medieval studies.//

The clever opossum can sure use its head.
Whenever there's danger, it simply plays dead.
That's a cute trick, that we'd do well to steal:
So let's all play possum, before it's for real!!

// Tuchuks aren't SCadians, they just turn up at Pennsic. And at a camping event, you have to have knives to do all the odd jobs at the site. Not to mention how much easier it is to find yourself 100 yards from everyone else.

SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM (Middleton): I assume that one of the titles I don't recognise is the Alamo song Bob Asprin sings and filks to. Did you ever notice how close the tune is to 'Lusty Young Smith'?

QWXB (Baker): Page two slipped badly.

FOaN (Groot): I've been looking for 'Solo'. Now to find the tune to 'Lola' . . .
// I've yet to hear good bawdry that isn't humorous, one way or another.

SingSpiel (Blackman): That's one advantage of obscure tunes; nobody associates them with anything. // Volk is pronounced with the voiceless fricative, so it all comes out in the wash. see "folksvagen".

noodlings I
on obscurity

Here are two songs. One is an Elizabethan or Jacobean song sung by Joan Baez on her "in Concert (vol I)". The other one I wrote to the same tune. One guess why.

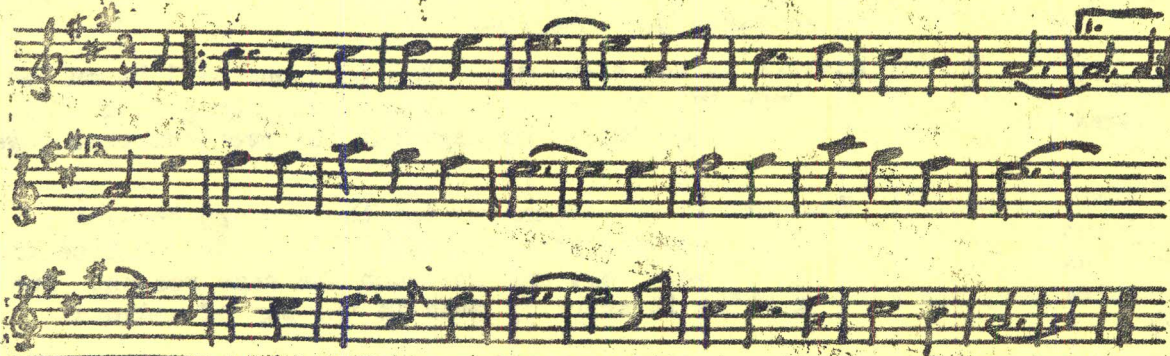
Lady Mary

He came from his palace grand. He came to my cottage door.
His words were few, but his look will linger forevermore.
The look in his sad, dark eyes: more tender than words could be.
But I was nothing to him, and he was the world to me.

There in her garden she stands, dressed in white satin and lace.
Lady Mary, so cold and so grand, who finds in his heart no place.
He knew I would be his bride, with a kiss for a wedding fee,
But I was nothing to him, and he was the world to me.

Down at his palace grand, on a flower-strewn bed he lies.
His beautiful lids are closed o'er his sad, dark, beautiful eyes.
And among the mourners who mourn, Why should I a mourner be?
For I was nothing to him, and he was the world to me.

Lady Mary



Lady Mary
by Styrbjörg

The heroes of old attest, and the great ones yet alive:
The better what once was our best is the noblest goal to strive.
And, crying us on to the quest, a voice from the sunset rings:
Lady Mary, Knight of the West: in honor the peer of kings.

(cont)

A fool, enamored of gore, a gross insult he made:
Decried her place in the war, sneered at her belt and blade.
It turned out a merry jest, though the laughter from anger spring,
Thanks to Mary, Knight of the West, in wisdom the peer of kings.

No frown assailed her brow; the lady did merely say,
"Sirrah, go arm ye now; I have not done my drill this day."
The fool, at his own behest, has suffered and learned, some things
From Mary, Knight of the West, in prowess the peer of kings.

Now: can you honestly say that the SCAdian 'Lady Mary' is any more obscure than the Elizabethan-or-Jacobean one?

But I'll annotate anyway.

The annual Pennsic War between the East and Middle Kingdoms takes place in and for western Pennsylvania. It has become one of the interkingdom social events. People arrange their leave to accommodate it, and there are allies and mercenaries from all of the other five kingdoms, plus assorted wanderers and camp-followers.

There is also a set of local martial-art freaks who call themselves the Tuchuks. They're not SCAdians, but no one has been barred from an event if they dress the part and don't get caught actively endangering others. So they come, much to the disgust of many of us.

At the time I speak of, a couple or three years past, one of these Tuchuks protested that ladies should not be allowed in the battles, because no woman can fight worth a damn.

Either he didn't realize that one of those boyish figures in byrnies was a lady, or he did not understand the meaning of her white swordbelt -- which only knights may wear -- or he didn't care. In any case, one of the people who heard his remark was a western knight, Lady Mary of Uffington.

Now I must pause in my tale and speak of the slave-market. This is one of the ways to get revenue. Volunteers are sold off to high bidders, to spend an hour or half an hour, or whatever the arrangement is, in the company of the buyer. As the sale invariably becomes a game of upstaging, volunteers are not hard to find.

The arrangement at this auction was for a half-hour. And I must confess that the true hero of this tale is not mentioned in the song, for it was not until just recently that I learned it. John the Bear-killier dragged the Tuchuk to the block.

The end was as any might have predicted. Lady Mary bought the Tuchuk, and told him, "Arm up. I need sword practice." And for the next half-hour, she beat the tar out of him.

n o o d l i n g s I I

I recently saw FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS in a remainder bookstore, so it may still be available if you're lucky. On the same shelf was FIRESIDE BOOK OF FAVORITE AMERICAN SONGS, which I cannot recommend as highly but which I am glad to have. It has a marvelous counter melody arrangement to 'Men of Harlech'.

It is in FIRESIDE FOLK that I found 'Tachanka', the tune to my dungeon song. Which has a new verse:

= 4 =

See the ghoulish squadron coming --
See the cleric, bold in faith!
Hear the ghoulish drummers drumming,
Signal to the hidden wraiths!

It's not the verse I was trying to write, but it will have to do for now. Or, wait.

"Do not fear!" the cleric shouts, "Am
I not here to turn undead?"
Springs before the ghouls and routs 'em --
Save the Sevens at their head.

That isn't much better.

The point was supposed to be that I have all kinds of undead at several levels. You cannot 'turn ghouls'; you can turn x-level undead. Surprise! Ghouls come in all levels humans come in.

Here's another one:

We are good and lawful people,
Hating evil Chaos-lords!
Hang Chaotics from the steeple!
Drown the Neutrals at the fords!

DO NOT READ THIS

until you've read Bob Lipton's
"Fake Middle English & Songwriting"
in Something of Note #8, this

POTLATCH

Bob says I have to come up with four pages of argument or concede the point. Dick Eney says What are we running here, a potlatch?

Actually, I probably will make four pages, because I have to digress first and explain some things.

I don't go through all that primary-secondary bit when I write songs. Nobody does. These are analytical tools, not writing tools.

When I wrote 'Alf Tuchuksbane', I just played 'Grenadiers' through my head and worked on the words until they fit. I know what it is that I do, because I was in band in high school, and because I've studied music theory, but at the time, I didn't think about any of that. I just did it. Nor did I check my copy of 'Grenadiers' -- until the analytical session came up.

Second: I like syncopation fine in its place. A simple march is not the place. (And I fear I must point out, sadly and without anger, that a lot of Bob's syncopation is by me bad scansion: hard to sing.)

As to dropping the last consonant off a word; there are times for that, too. I do it when a long note extends the vowel of a syllable, or when the next line follows so close that the last consonant of the last word gets lost in the first sound of the next. I have, in fact, rimed "agin'" with "king", since the 'ng' is not only 'n + g' but can go its own sound, too. Such looseness is part of folk writing at all levels.

Back to the subject.

A marching chant is a very good place to start, simply because it is pure stress. It falls halfway between the 'Hup-two-three-four' and the cadence chants like 'Jody' that have actual tunes. When 'left' or 'right' appear in the chant, it is invariably stressed, and comes on the corresponding foot.

Now, let me rewrite the first few feet of 'Gingerbread' to demonstrate a point:

well i LEFT my old wife and the SEVenteen children in STARving condi-
tion with NOTHING but gingerbread LEFT

What did I do? I put an extra syllable wherever there was only one unstressed one, so now there are three syllables to each foot. A pointless exercise if ever there was one. (see 'Counting Syllables is Not Enough', SuD I) Once you learn to march with one, you space the stressed syllables properly no matter how few unstressed ones there are. Look at this one my mother taught me.

i LEFT my wife and FORty-eight kids and the OLD grey mare and the
PEANUT stand; did I do right x x right x x right from the COUN-
try where i COME from, hay foot, STRAW foot, SHIFT! by jingo LEFT x x
LEFT x x LEFT my wife (et cetera)

This is an advanced chant, as can be told from the shift. (For those who don't and never did march, that's what you do to get back into step. You've just stepped on your left foot, say, so you bring your right up to take the weight and step forward again on the left, all in a single beat. A sort of shuffle-hop, and then you're back in step.)

It also has a touch of syncopation in the second sentence. Primary stress is on the right foot until 'shift!' (First Person is supposed to be a country boy who doesn't know left from right but does know hay from straw.) The words themselves are out of step, so to speak, until 'shift!' puts primary stress back on the left.

But the point is those little xx put in to mark the blank runs. This chant not only has no syllables between some stressed ones, it drops stressed syllables, too. If you can march to this, 'Grenadiers' should give you no trouble.

(Did you wonder when I was going to get to it?)

The first two phrases of 'Grenadiers' end on a primary-stress note. The secondary stress is correct. Then the next line starts with unstressed syllables running up to the primary stress beginning the next line. The third phrase doesn't do quite that. It has a note on the last secondary-stress slot, but it's the end of a slur; it continues the syllable that began on the primary stress. Intermediate stuff; not for beginners, but not advanced, either.

The point of all this is that 'Alf' follows the 'Grenadiers' stress pattern. 'Bay' in the first verse, and 'stayed' in the second, stretch over both stressed-syllable slots, following that third-line slur. All the other lines end on the left foot, and the right foot comes down during a rest.

(This gives you a chance to catch your breath; in the third and fourth line, you won't have that convenience, so you'd better pace yourself.)

Bob's diagram of my line is in error there at the end. It should go:

FOREmost of the FOUR-footed to EVER bark or BAY -----

With the line after BAY to show that it starts on the primary stress and slurs to the secondary stress. 'Is' does not appear; it is the unstressed preliminary to ALF, the first primary stress in the next line.

This may well be "sloppy according to modern ideas of meter" in poetry. 'Grenadiers' in its present form is some three centuries old, the tune a century older still. Old or new, I maintain there is nothing sloppy in ending a line on a two-beat slur. If nothing else, it spares my tobacco-poisoned lungs.

Now, to the matter of 'breed'. (AT last!)

Bob's syncopation has removed the first set of alliterations entirely. As he has it, 'foot' has no other stressed syllable to alliterate with.

(Whaps, 100's put Bob's arrangement here, to save flipping pages:

foreMOST of the four-FOOTed breed to EVER bark or BAY -- is)

Not only is there no alliteration in the first half-line, the fore-four play is lost in the unstressed syllables. There's no gain in an extra 'b' alliteration if you lose the 'f' alliteration entirely.

In addition, the first line is now warped out of normal pronunciation. This is worst than either too many unstressed syllables or chopping the '-ed' off 'footed'.

Go back to the marching chants. None of them warp normal stress; each word is pronounced as it would be in conversation. Spacing and breath-pauses are not conversational, but the accents are all on the right syllables.

It's the same with "Jody", and every other marching song I've heard. The stress pattern of the words is uncontrived. There is often contrivance, as in "One, two, three, four, one, two beat three-four," but the natural stress pattern of the phrase (usually) and the word (always) is preserved.

In many kinds of song, messing with the words' stress is a matter of taste. It's not to mine, but it is to some people's. Don't do it in a march, or a dance, if the singing goes on during the marching or dancing.

Why this insistence on stressed alliteration? What's wrong with unstressed? There's nothing wrong with it, any more than with cross-rime. But like cross-rime, it is exceedingly minor; quaternary at best.

Put it this way. My English prof used to exclaim over the way John Dunne had the thrird syllable in the fourth line riming with the eighth syllable in the seventh. I always wondered if it really was evidence of polish-every-word mastery, or pure coincidence.

An unstressed alliteration, like cross-rime, is nice to have, and a brownie point on the score card -- unless you get carried away, since alliteration even more than rime can be overdone. To really count, alliteration belongs on the stressed syllables, just as end-rime and midline-rime are what counts in riming. That's where you hear them, as opposed to finding them in the course of analysis.

At this point, I have as much material as Bob, since his is 2½ pages rather than 3. So I see you, Bob, even if I can't raise.

Whew.

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM NEXT TIME! #6
BY MARGARET MIDDLETON FOR APA-FILK #8 Nov. 1980

Dana Snow: Your "Short Parody" needs only one slight addition to make it perfect: change the period to a comma, and add "Jim" after.

Your CTR verses stray from the traditional format of ending up with "But/and that's good enough for me/you/him/her/it". This is not to say they are not as witty, on the average, as the more traditionally-styled verses, Just different.

Bob Lipton. I don't have any Cthulu-ish songs to offer, but I got reminded of kidfiks back in August at the FilkCon. Our Pro Guest Marty Burke sprung one on us which I'd learned 'way back down the line in a slightly different form. What Marty sprung on us was:

Nobody loves me, everybody hates me, guess I'll go eat some worms.

First one greasy; slid down easy; second one stuck to my tongue.

The third one busted, and the fourth one rusted

And the fifth one tried to run.

First you cut the heads off, then you suck the guts out,

Then you throw the skins away.

Big fat juicy ones, little tiny slimy ones,

That's how I like my worms.

Nobody loves me, everybody hates me, guess I'll go eat some worms!

Harold Groot was sitting next to me at the banquet when this was laid-upon us and we both cracked-up.

Lee Burwasser: Both tunes you mention are by Juanita Coulson. "Grand Canal" was printed in KANTELE #3. Juanita's "Green Hills" tune has not been written-down that I've seen. I am tempted to run a collection of GH arrangements to various tunes in KANTELE sometime. Or here! I'd have to pay Lipton to e-stencil all that sheetmusic, though...

STL made the hairs on my arms stand up when I sang it through the first time. Good song!

Mark Richards: Dorsai songs are fun to write, and at least part of the reason is that Gordy is such an appreciative audience. You gotta realize, though, that there are two kinds of "Dorsai" songs. The ones about Gordy's characters tend to be grim and gloomy. The ones about the Dorsai Irregulars tend to be alcoholic. Hope you do decide to join the Foundation. All backissues of KANTELE are currently available, though #1 is getting scarce.

Harold Groot: Glad to have made your acquaintance at Filk2 and Noreascon. Paczolt writes neat-wierd songs! "Solo" isn't one I can sing, but I'd like to get the words to the one about Harlan baying at the moon. My tape came up garbled on the first line on account of me being slow off the pause-button.

Other things to fill up the bottom of the page:

Since mid-July I've been to OKon (reported in last mailing), FilkCon2, Noreascon Two, Imaginitzacon 1, and ROC*KON*5. With an average gap-between-cons of 3 weeks. KANTELE #7 is done, shipped between Imaginitzacon and ROC*KON. 80¢ by mail: it's another thick one.

FilkCon2 was held Aug. 8-10 in the Ramada Inn in Toledo annexed-to-Michigan-for-the-weekend. Artistically, it was more successful than Filk1 was, but had only about 2/3 the attendance.

Pro Guest for the con was Marty Burke, who sings in Irish pubs in the Detroit vicinity. The Ann Arbor filkish group discovered him a couple of years ago, when he was singing in a pub in Ann Arbor, and have been following him around to his various gigs since, trying to subvert him to fandom. I think that this weekend may have completed the job. He came to the con, apparently, with one Dorsai filksong, wrote a second Saturday night, and had a third well-in-progress by the end of the singing Sunday morning (around 4 a.m.) Not bad for one's first total-immersion filk experience.

Friday night Marty sort of sat over in the corner, watching the rest of us do Our Thing. Casing the joint. Saturday at and after the banquet he had the stage to himself for two sets of his music (armed with a lengthy list of requests from the con-com). I don't know about the other singers, but I sat and took notes of stuff he did which had filkish versions or which suggested parallel constructions even if they didn't have direct derivations. I finally got to hear the original of Gwen Zak's "Circles": "Windmills". I've been singing "Circles" for about 2 1/2 years now and mentioned in conversation Saturday afternoon in the consuite that I had not ever heard the original. Marty remembered the comment and included it in his set that evening. About 10 p.m. the filkers took over and started singing stuff back at him. Eventually we lured him to sit down with us and started working him into the schtick.

Every now and then something happens at a filk-sing which makes one wish there were video recording going on as well as audio. About 3 a.m. Sunday I got drunk enough to sing BJ Willinger's "...King Kong Blues", with the original X-rated line in the final chorus, without flinching any as I hit the line. Marty was standing back by the soundmen (behind the singers this year) listening on headphones and out of sight of the audience with no warning of what was about to happen. I shall always treasure the shocked expression he wore when he stepped around the end of the partition: it can only be summarized as an "I can't believe she sang the whole thing" look. Totally cracked up the audience, and the other singers, and me when I looked around to see what they were reacting to. After the giggling subsided, he leaned against the partition-erid, leered at me (imagine a gray-haired, gray-eyed leprechaun leering...) and asked: "Didn't I first meet you in a dirty bookstore?"

Bill (of all instruments) Maraschiello was back again, with 3 new songs. (They, and Marty's songs, are finding their way into KANTELE as I get hold of the lyrics and/or tapes of the tunes) Most of the singers on-hand were from the fannish Midwest. Putting our heads together over the phone, Dan Story and I were able to come up with 16 names of folks who had done at least one song each: Harold Groot, Steve Simmons, Clif Flynt, Juanita Coulson, Lee Darrow, Jan Brown, Bill Roper, John Hall, Dena Mussaf (flute-player, actually--fine backup musician), Frank Hayes, Dave Pengelly, Carry Stahl, Bill Maraschiello, Marty, me, and a femfan whose name nobody got, but she sang "Centauri Fair" with Harold late Saturday night: her filk debut.

(2)

Other memorable moments: Clif Flynt being pelted with wadded Kleenex after "Unreality Warp" (end-to-end puns, you have to hear it to believe it, and maybe not then, even.)

Bill Roper presenting a rare Dorsai song: one which does not actually mention the Dorsais. It's about Tam Olyn. (and it's in KANTELE #7) Marty singing himself into tears on "Peter Kagen And The Wind"; Jan Brown following up with "The Great Silkie". Bill Maraschietello yodeling "Yoda-Jedi!". Lee Darrow, Tom Barber, and Chris Clayton LOOMING over Frank Hayes during "Fare Ye Well All Vestige of Modesty". The banquet room resounding to the crash of dropped silverware at the appropriate moment in "The Old Dun Cow". Tom Barber miming the bear in "God's Own Drunk".

Noreascon gave us a nice-sized room on the third floor for the guitar-based sing, and a whole different room on another floor for the piano/melodica-based bunch. The first night the guitarists were displaced down to the Constitution Ballroom on account of a mundane-bunch breakfast having got set-up the night before in the Gardiner room. I crashed-out of that around 3 a.m. Friday's sing ran til 6 or 7 a.m., winding up at Dunkin Donuts for a quick breakfast before crashing. Saturday night I was involved with one of the costume groups and wound up partying with them til around 3 a.m. Only dropped into the sing long enough to do a special for the costume folks. The two guys in the group were New York theatrical folks who were friends of the costume designer;s: I fished up "The Man In The Moon Is A Lady" from MAME for them. Sunday after the Hugo's, though, was nearly as good as Saturday at the filkcon. Bjo and John Trimble had been given a stock of mead, which was brought in to augment the softdrinks and Tully already onhand. The gemutlichkeit was almost as intoxicating as the ethanol, too.

Imaginitzacon had Bob Asprin as Pro Guest, so filking was de rigeur. I brought Diane Crockett over with me from Little Rock and the three of us plus Dan Caldwell and Charlie Williams and a couple of other folks who did one or two songs each had a nice relaxed time.

The Saturday after Imaginitzacon I got a letter from Mike Tattan in Michigan saying Marty Burke's doctor had diagnosed a small sore on his tongue as Cancer and surgery was scheduled imminently. I called Mike as soon as I got home from the Postoffice. Surgery had been on that Thursday, with about 25% of the tongue muscle going with the offending spot. Marty had been sent home Thursday afternoon, and by Friday night was feeling lively enough to be grouchy. I went out and ransacked Little Rock for outrageous getwell cards. By time for ROC*KON Mike was reporting Marty answering his phone himself, and by the end of October he was back singing at "Chaim Sweeny's", sounding much like himself but a bit unsure of his "new mouth".

Harold is the only one of this group who has heard Marty sing, but believe me: the man is on the verge of becoming a major hero in Midwest fandom, at least. I understand there are plots afoot to teach him "Mary O'Meara" so we can hear what the song really sounds like (everyone else who sings it is either female or Bob Asprin...). If anyone wants to send further outrageous messages of encouragement, the address is 19111 Devonshire, Birmingham, MI 48009

And then there was ROC*KON. Of which I am Chaircritter. Our guests this year were Andrew Offutt, Pro GoH; and Dick and Nicki Lynch, Fan GoP's; none of whom are particularly filkish, but they stood around for a while and listened before going on back to the talk-parties. Filkers on-hand were me, Diane, Michele Cox, and Helen-Jo Hewitt, with enthusiastic listening by Dan Caldwell, Mary Kay Jackson, Chuck Bishop, Danell Lites, and Janet Cruickshank. Other folks wandered through and sang a few choruses, but that was the core group.

I don't recall if I mentioned it last mailing, but I'm going into the hucking business. (all junkies become pushers, if they live long enough.) We started out with a general selection of materials, but found out quickly that, for us, filkish stuff sells best (I wonder why...?) Being con-chaircritter, I figured I was going to be close enough to being in two places at once, without trying to tend a table as well. So I placed most of the filkish stock with Diane Crockett: Kantele issues, NESFA and WESTERFILK collections, and some tapes for Diane to sell along with her home-made cookies and books from her uncle's bookstore.

Those tapes were produced by Mike Tattan, from material collected live at Sweeny's Pub. The singer: Marty Burke. Diane had the sample-tape running almost continuously the whole weekend. Guess who is the only person who has even been suggested for Fan Guest of Honor at next year's ROC*KON? I swear I didn't plot it to come out that way, but I'm delighted with the notion now it's come up. I hope we can talk him into doing the gig: filking around here is desperate for baritone voices!

RSVP #1 (Reckless Spellink Vith Printing), an Apafilk zine by D. Snow, 7/17/80.

APAFILK BACK-MAILING MAILING COMMENTS:

#3---

HAROLD GROOT: Enjoyed the zine a LOT. Would the apa be interested in reading "Glory glory Psychotherapy" by Prof. Greenway? It's on one of Melanie's albums, though she doesn't perform it too well. It's funny....

LADDER MAN: What does that title mean? Loved the "malicious" verse...

ROCKCLIMBERS: Second last line I think should be "We put them in a lunchpail after salvaging the rope." Also rhyming rope with rope seems like cheating; cope? dope? Pope? mope? soap? Hard to set up that punchline so well if you change it though...ROCKCLIMBERS (GORY GORY): Third line of 2nd-to-last verse frustrates me. On my copy I have two alternative lines: "And as they lay there rolling in--oh dear oh gosh oh my" or "And as they lay there rolling in a human strawberry pie..." Your line there didn't rhyme & the structure earlier demands it. Those 2 verses were my favorites....ITAZUKE TOWER: (a) I take it you only found it, rather than wrote it...Loved #3&5 verses. Is that the melody I think of as "I hear that train a-comin'" or "Fulsom Prison?" If not, it fits that one too. (I wrote a parody of that Cash tune, though it's not SF.)

BLACKMAN: Liked last verse.

EVAN JONES: Amusing.

JOHN BOARDMAN: MY KINGDOM LIES UNDER THE OCEAN: I like verses 1, 3 & 6 & think the chorus should be sung with exaggerated mournfulness....MAULBRONN FUGUE: What's AFNEFD? (Alchemy for Nuns Entering First District??)...ROGER BUNG was pleasant & caught the tone of old anti-Vietnam days for me...You say to send 41¢ & an sase to Brian Burley for issues of THE STONED HEDGE from the Beaker Libation Front, but you don't give his address!...

Ray ~~MM~~ HEUR: (DOC HUER?) The first chunk can be sung to the tune of "kretchma..."

ROBERT LIPTON: Please send me xeroxes on "Making Wookie," any/all 1/2-line "showstoppers." (Allan Sherman grouped his as "Shticks of One & a Half a Dozen of the Other.") & Garrett's "I've got a little list..." You can deduct from the \$3 I'm ahead at the moment, but tell me how much so I can stay \$3 ahead....RE: That title "Don't call me Satan," it made me think up this dialogue I may use in a piece I'm writing: "You can call me Scratch or you can call me Beelzebub or you can call me Mr. Applegate or you can call me Mephisto, but you doesn't have to call me Satan!" (Say! How about a parody of the Blues Brothers hit "Soul Man" about the Devil?? Feel free to take that suggestion anybody!)...Slobbovia songs are too much for me, but I can understand the footnotes so I enjoyed #6 & 12. I think the problem is too much jargon. If you only had one key Slobbovian term in a song, it could teach the terms. Like for example, have a parody of some sports song, but it's about Mongeef, etc....GALACTIC ROAMER: Last word should be "Smiff." Paul Winchell's dummy Knucklehead Smiff? (or was that a local TV show?)

LEE BURWASSER: What does "Sturgeonizing" mean? (RE: Lipton's bridge songs)... I'll probably discuss how I write filks (if it isn't completely transparent) next issue. Mostly puns & taking key word of a songtitle or a subject & punning it, then building the song logically from the subject and the original song structure. Exceptions I'll discuss next time.)....

#2----

LIPTON: Could you xerox the 20-page Boskone hymnal for me? Or does it duplicate the Filthy Pierre Microfilk which I've already ordered?...I liked the 1st stanza of "Where have all....?" & the 1st two of "A Fearsome Monster" (Shouldn't second verse end in "pie" or otherwise rhyme with "cry?") 1st line

LEE BURWASSER: It took me a few moments to decode that "yed" meant "ye editor."

JOHN BOARDMAN: RANAPUBLIC was funny & I sent copies to Avery Schreiber (an ex-teacher of mine) & Jack Burns (working on "Fridays"). They had a sketch once when they were a team (it's on their great LP "Pure B.S." on Little David Records) about a faithhealer that involved giant frogs eating people in Florida. I think the opening line should be "My ears have heard" though.... Thank you for clarifying Dungeon & Dragons a little...

MARGARET MIDDLETON: It took me a little bit to figure out that Iggy meant Iguanacon...I resent that kind of lack of clarity. You only need to say the

MS. MIDDLETON: (Continued) full term once and LATER references can be by
coined words and initials and all. (YMM was puzzling at first too)

(In all media, you always have late stranglers who ought to be updated.)

MARK BLACKMAN: I liked Dominique & Oklahoma/Indonesia (1st stanza). In
2nd song (unmarked "Tit Willow" parody): 3rd stanza: 3rd line: "pride;"
not "pain"---for the rhyme & I think it would make a DIFFERENT kind of sense.

HAROLD GROOT: I liked "50 Tribbles," "Wouldn't it be lovely,"(though what is
an NMR?" In my copy I've changed "partner" to "ally" because I would tend
to use them as political/military songs rather than SF songs).... & the 3rd-
to-last verse of the skiing song.

#1---

Greg Baker---What does your zine title mean?...What is the tune of "Young Man
Mulligan?" (Ain't we crazy? I was born about 10,000 years ago??) I dislike the
alternating verse rule intensely. The only way that would work theatrically, to
me, is to have two singers one for each style alternating verses as if to prove
that one is better. Otherwise, it's like mixing the 2 in one story. You have
no groundrules that are consistant; you can't totally create a scientific
or fantastic world. So far I only liked the 2nd of your verses, but then
the Foundation Trilogy is one of the few SF "classics" I've read....
There's one more "R" in "repertoire" than you've been using....I like reading
about your performing. I'm trying to get myself to resume work on my
nightclub act (monologues & characters)....I liked the Apafilk anthem & the
chorus of "Holy Weed" (I'd like to try my hand at writing new verses for that.
Is that okay or will I have to write a new chorus to do that?)

ROBERT LIPTON: Oops. The "Holy Weed" song was yours. Well, the question still
goes....

HAROLD GROOT: I liked "Russia & Turkey" (Are centers like military bases?) and
I'll probably use it as a military song rather than an SF song. ("use" in
the sense of singing for friends until that miraculous day I'm a superstar)...
It's embarrassing & unintentional that I'm using many tunes that you other
people are filking with (Frankie & Johnny, Rudolf...)

JOHN BOARDMAN: I liked A MORAL VICTORY very much. It is BRILLIANT! It is superb
satire of first the candidates and then for a great closing punch, the voters....

EVAN JONES: QUAGMIRE: Your heading make think this was by Lipton at first.

I sortof liked the rocket that runs on pee. The two around it aren't bad
either....I'll make a point of avoiding horny elephants....

MARK RICHARDS: Catalogue number left me cold. Sorry.

#4---

GROOT: Bridge song medley went over my head, but I may try jumping on those
songs for parody...

I liked "GORY, GORY (STAR TREK)". I wrote a parody sketch on Star Trek and
the Security Man was called Private Expendable...3rd stanza of "Room Together"
was good. "My Silk Hat" wouldn't sing to the "Funiculi Funicula" I know, but
"What do you think of that" would!...The latter was pleasant but nothing I'd
save. To be great art, I think, a work has to be about more than one subject.
For example, a memorable Batman story might be about both crime and music or
about crime and ghosts. The good diplomacy songs were ones that were also about
politics and/or all arguments...I like "Perfect Skier" but I don't know that
melody...The History of Pern, Part 1 song was very pleasant, even though I
haven't read those books yet. However---the practical value of doing the entire
Pern history this way is dubious---unless it was to be put in each book as
an introduction or appendix or if they were made into a movie/TV series & used
as theme music (& I warn you, they're the things those network loonies love to
cut---"It's clever, but it's not absolutely necessary to further the plot, so
they won't notice it's not there.")

JOHN BOARDMAN: You know something of Cockney rhyming slang? h goodie. All I
kn w is Huge Hampton and a couple clean ones. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Can you
recommend a book on the subject? You see I'm a fan of the Goon Show &

#4---CONTINUING WITH JOHN BOARDMAN---

other British comedy....Have you considered rigging the game to have Nixon be the king in Skandalutz?...Your comment for Asimov--the comeback--MIGHT have made Asimov laugh, but is apt to have been too obscure for the general audience. Asimov is in the New York phonebook by the way and answers his own phone. A friend of mine called him and had a nice chat with him... What was on the cover of MAD #210? I might want to read that "Lord of the Rings" musical. I'm not sure if I should ask somebody out there to xerox it for me, but I'll reimburse anyone who does (well, to avoid duplication, anyone but Mr. Boardman let me know ahead to avoid duplication)....

RAY HEUER: GORY,GORY (D&D) was pleasant but nothing I'm going to save. I suppose it'll go well in D&D circles...There seemed to be a few syllable problems though, especially in Verse 3...

ANDRUSCHAK: I liked the 2nd 4th childhood folksongs...Question: Do ghosts sit around campfires telling Boy Scout stories?

JORDIN KARE: I presume your Bruce Pelz info. is more recent & accurate, so it's a good thing I hadn't mailed my check yet. Thank you...My musical background? My dad was heavily into folkmusic & I'd occassionally be dragged to hoots, sing along on practically every number and have to be dragged home. I used to sleep with KHJ going all night and no matter what year it is, ALL MY LIFE, I have always enjoyed tunes once they became "Golden Oldies". I think the DJs may be a little more selective then and also you don't get bored and irritated with a number, you get nostalgic instead. Even numbers I love that are current hits are getting on my nerves (Twilight Zone, Funky Town, Still Rock & Roll to Me). I write strange original songs (along the lines of Tom Lehrer and Martin Mull) with melody help from a friend named Steve Watkins.....but most of this is a sideline, though a fun one. I sang in choir in highschool and was bored by the songs. A music teacher I had told me I had perfect pitch for tuning a cello so I took a couple cello lessons, but quit 'cause I was bored by the sound & hated callouses. The cello is called the knee violin; that's all I learned about the cello. (Wait for laugh.) I hope to learn to play guitar and piano so I can translate tunes in my head to music. I also want to learn to read sheetmusic...But those studies have to wait until a lot of other agenda get tackled....I'd be curious to read a computer tall tale, if it's not too heavy in jargon. It not being appropriate for this apa, could you write me a letter about that? I liked the 2nd stanza of the computer song & I like the idea & commentary about the H-bomb song, but didn't feel the execution was that good...My friend Jim made up a funnier "Do it our way" song, but I'll have to ask his permission to print it---well, it may have been his performance that was funny. Never mind. (Sorry to bring that up. I guess the only thing I want to say there is to please not accuse him of plagiarism because he DID think of it independently)...You may print my filksongs in the Westerfilk Collection ---that is, the ones that are about science fiction (the others may have too much commercial potential & would seem like cheating in a filk collection; not that I'm probably too lazy to USE those other parodies; damn. I can't tell if I'm lazy or too busy or what. Well, that's another apa...Do let us know when it's published!

GREG BAKER: Congratulations on your marriage! Is Sharron the sexy woman from Antares with the 5 lips that you told me about? (Only kidding! It was 7 lips!)50 Ways: Chorus' 3rd to last line: last word should be "bold" or SOMETHING that rhymes with "told"...That's a very pleasant number... The pages being out of order confused me at first.

MARGARET MIDDLETON: No, I didn't recognize the tune when I got to the chorus. What is/was it?...

MARK BLACKMAN: Is the old "Chiquita Banana" song to the tune of "Casey Jones?"... My dad heard Asimov sing the clone song, wrote it out from memory & created a new verse. He has since worked up several verses, which I will try to coax him to let me print. In the meantime, where I can I find Randall Garrett's? (or Asimov's?)

MORE MAILING COMMENTS ON BACK MAILINGS:

#4 continues with more on Mark Blackman---

I liked 1st two lines on "Fidel" and "Christmas Crime in the City" (including ApaFilk #5's addition)

R.B.LIPTON: Re: Bradbury ommission in Martian song---If the song is to be done for "mundanes" (nonfans; what a term!) sometimes, the Bradbury and Martin O'Hara, Bill Bixby's favorite martian) would help make it clear and entertaining. Since I enjoy the chorus but not the verses, I tend to think that the catalog format in that song may not be the most entertaining avenue to explore. But I'm not sure what is...I would also eagerly reimburse you for xeroxes on "Travellin' Girl", "The Prisoner's Chorus," & "The Transporters..." 2 of the diplomacy songs look good, but I have to curb my collectoritis...

LEE BURWASSER: Liked "God Bless Free Enterprise" & the childhood songs... The Star Wars lyric (1 stanza) was good---and that's a FAR more difficult thing to write; even professional lyric writers have more freedom with talking to the tune-writer to have the melody changed a little. I hope you resume on that. Does anybody know if the Star Trek theme has lyrics? Many TV shows have lyrics you never hear. There were actual lyrics to the "Bonanza" theme, for instance....

HAROLD GROOT: (I changed typewriter ribbons) At the bottom of "Gory, Gory (Star Trek)" I typed on my copy: Even if not singing chorus between verses, sing the chorus at the end with gusto. Tom Gusto; he's great at harmony." Old joke but a new topper...

#5---

LEE BURWASSER: I object to hours in the library researching melodies because the library offers so many temptations. I chose 8 books to read right away and I'm way behind all my other work already & that only makes it worse. Fortunately, my dad has a rather good folkmusic collection so if it's a common folksong, he can usually find it for me rather quickly....I hope to The Powers That Be that disco doesn't mix with gospel. I DESPISE gospel! Disco is merely boring....

JOHN BOARDMAN: Your opera was in too much detail & had too many untranslated foreign phrases (& not enough background on the original it was based on?) for me to appreciate it; I couldn't even finish reading it...I kept expecting PDQ Bach style puns like "Tutti fruiti en sotto" or "sotto crackers" or "typo i flagrante errore" and presented as "commedia sans arte"....With this printing, I thought you were picking noodles out of the carpet, until I put on my thinking cap (The Kerward Derby, for you Bullwinkle fans out there).... I honestly did NOT see the two Rudolf songs here before writing mine. In an earlier issue I read "Xmas Crime in the City" & it got me thinking about Xmas songs...The Disco one seems to have meter/syllable problems. The second one and the comments on it really were rather good...I'd like to read your "Sun Myung Moon is coming to town!" Graustark is beginning to sound like valuable literary rarities of a bygone age...I was surprised & pleased by "My Country tis of thee..." I will send you the Kretchma lyrics that my dad got from a Theodore Bikel record (he coded it as F&F, but can find no record that matches those initials)....The Scottish song wore me out quickly. Call Scotty to sing.

R.B.LIPTON: I'd like to see some detective fiction songs (I liked Xmas Crime & my mugging song of last issue, SS#1), but your "Locked Room Mystery" didn't seem that good. I don't know the original tune & it doesn't tell a story or have a strong opinion....What is "boxing glove" in Cockney rhyming slang or was there other rhyming slang in that song?...I don't think you have the title right (The Walloping Windowblind??)...I may try to coax in some new members at least temporary ones--namely Steve Watkins, Mark Evanier, & maybe Pete Seeger. Who knows?...Cartoon at the end was weird...

MARK BLACKMAN: I may try to coax Watkins (who knows more history than I do) or Liam Stone (whose latest business venture seems to be fantasy rather than science fiction) to working on your "Russian's Lament"

MARC S. GLASSER: #41 & it's your first zine here?...Are you a member of 1-2-3-Many in APA-69? If so, don't worry. Your secrets are safe with me!....

RSVP #1 (D. SNOW) (Page 5)
MORE MAILING COMMENTS ON BACK MAILINGS:

I wanted to title this zine with a pun like "El Monte Catchup" but
#5--- I don't live in El Monte, Calif.

MARC S. GLASSER: (CONT'D) I sent 2 logos winging to Gotham for you...

"I know the plot" was a good idea, but I couldn't remember the melody & the rhymes in verses 3 & 5 were lousy. How about a parody of "Too darn hot!" as "Too much plot!" or "Real bad plot!" I don't remember enough of the melody to do it myself....Damn Yankees' "What have we got? We got each other" could become "Want a new plot? Just ask your mother!":...

HAROLD GROOT: I now know that OTR here means "Old Time Religion" & not "Old Time Radio...". I liked the title stanza of "Vulcan get angry" & "Don't say you weren't warned" is GRRRR-EAT!! And it would work BEST as an opening song, even doing an act for mundanes!...RE: THE DYING FISHERMAN'S SONG: I don't know it by that title. Dad found a version called "Sarah the Whale" (or was it "Sadie?") that was sung by Burl Ives to the tune of "Dixie." Dr. Demento plays a Sam Hinton version that I think is called "A Horse named Bill" with a couple minor phrasings different & a line I simply treasure that goes "who lives in the house across the street above a vacant lot"...I also think that song works well with this chorus I recall from my childhood:

Ain't we crazy? Ain't we crazy?

This is the way we pass the time away (HIGH-PITCHED ECHO: time away!)

Ain't we crazy? Ain't we crazy?

We're gonna sing this song all night today!

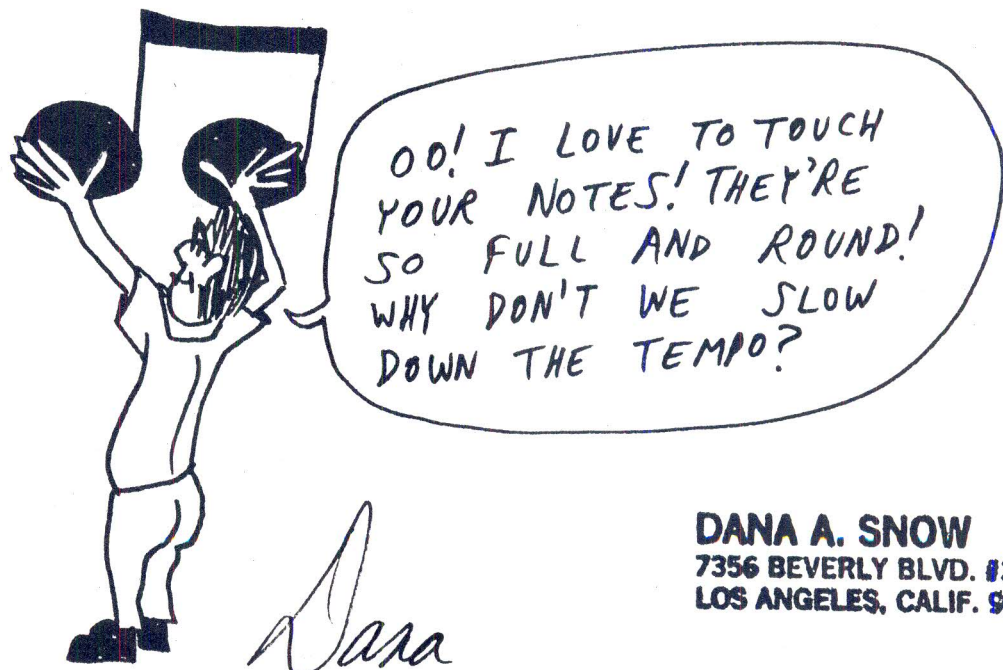
The Army Chair Corps was very interesting and a natural area of hostility; I wonder if there are other military folksongs (not filks because it's not SF or fannish; same response to childhood songs) attacking "desk jockeys."

GREG BAKER: The Squire of Gothos was very pleasant; I sang it for my folks. I only tend to save the funny songs for myself, but that was darn good. I may eventually try my hand at turning an episode to a ballad...I liked most of "The Star Trek Movie Show..." I'm cutting the bastard line to the bottom of the page and then using (saving) the first part and the part on 2nd page)....

MARGARET MIDDLETON: I disagree about cutting the last verse of "GORY, GORY, STARTREK)" (Please note, MR. GROOT, if you're egoscanning); the "Guest Star" line is a topper to the joke of the song....I sent a letter to Clif Flynt re: just getting Kantele. I was confused by your earlier references. Who can I send one lump sum to and get the set? (\$2 or \$4 or so, I presume)

RAY HEUER: I suddenly noticed that the "Chiquita Banana" theme is similar to "Casey Jones." Or did I mention that earlier?

Well, since I commented on mailing #6 in Silly Symphonies #1, I seem to be all caught up. But I might as well fill out the page with something---



DANA A. SNOW
7356 BEVERLY BLVD. #3
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036

HEMIDEMISEMI

This is Hemidemisemiquaver #4
Published by Jordin Kare
2523 Ridge Rd. #315
Berkeley, CA 94709
For APA-Filk #8
24 October 1980

QUAVER

Hi! Remember me? I missed #7 due to general confusion (to be described) but much of filkish interest has transpired since.

First, as many of you know, and as the attached flyer suggests, the Westerfilk Collection came out for Westercon 33 in LA. Much of May and June is lost to memory, hidden in a haze of transcription and proofreading. But we made it, and the book (we modestly believe) looks not bad, and has been selling briskly since July. In fact, we will soon have to reprint it. To any of you who contributed songs -- you'll get contributor's copies soon. We were waiting for Noreascon, hoping to pass them out in person (didn't work) and things have been rather hectic since.

Aside from the collection, Westercon was a disaster, with the hotel (The LA airport Hyatt) grossly overbooked and the concom totally unhelpful. I hadn't had adequate sleep for weeks, and Teri Lee, my co-editor, had had her Honda broadsided an hour before we were to leave for LA. Thus neither of us was especially happy to find our confirmed reservations worthless. I got mad enough to yell at people. Teri got mad enough to consider legal action. Bill Safford, aka Wilhelm Von Messer, the Mad Prussian of Pittsburg, had planned to crash in our room and was likewise annoyed. "Ballad of the Three Fans" got written a couple of days after the con -- it took me that long to become coherent again. (see next page)

Immediately after the con I took off on a trip to Israel, which is a long and tragic (but non-filkish) story itself. I got back better than half dead, then had to straighten out various post-publication snarls related to Westerfilks. Thus my excuse for missing #7.

At the beginning of August we had a filk party in San Jose; I don't believe anything from Apa-filk was sung. Toward the end of the evening, though, someone made a comment about Harlan's speech at Iggy, as to how he kept saying, "science fiction, let me go." About three of us immediately sang that line to "Iron Mistress," and by the next day, I'd written the whole song.

In mid-August I got my harp -- only a couple of months late. It's a lovely thing, though I still can't play it -- definitely worth the money. It's taken a couple of months just to get it to stay in tune (roughly) for long enough to play a song. Incidentally, Jay Witcher is no longer in Santa Rosa -- he's moved to somewhere in Maine, close to a big Canadian sawmill and far from the encroaching suburbs. He's also back-ordered by at least a year....

The end of August, of course, was Noreascon. I spent virtually the entire con at the main "Midwestern" sing (plus sleep and a modicum of daytime panel-going), and never got a chance to circulate about. This was due both to the quality of the sing and to my unexpected status as committeeperson for filksings, which made me feel at least nominally responsible for hanging around and watching for disasters. Oh, well, I got lots of tapes. I didn't meet as many filkers as I'd hoped -- where were you? Or were you there and I just never connected names to faces/voices?

THE BALLAD OF THE THREE FANS

Words: Jordin Kare

Tune: The Ballad of the Three Kings by Gordon Dickson

Am Dm
Three fans flew down to the Hyatt Hotel,
Am Dm
Reservations clutched in their hands.

Am Dm
The desk clerk tingled his little bell
Am E7 Am

And ignored their just demands.
Dm

Am
Three fans stood out in the lobby cold,
E7 Am

And ranted and raved and railed.
Em Am

Em Am
And one was from Berkeley, from Richmond came one,
E7 Am

And one from Pittsburg hailed.

And the fan from Berkeley waxed loudly wroth,
Till the desk clerk's ears went numb.

"Your timing," said he, "is thoroughly off,
For screwing us fans is dumb!"

"Now I shall write to some friends of mine
And inform them of what you've done,
And word shall spread, and soon you'll find
That of guests you've precisely none."

And the fan from Richmond, her back was bent,
And walking she found was a pain.

She said, "Now find me a room to rent,
Or I'll not walk this way again."

"My lawyer is good and my case is strong
For personal injury.

And all of your cash will soon belong
To injured fans like me."

And the fan from Pittsburg, a Seal by trade,
Had friends of his own to call.

An airstrike or two, then the Seals invade,
And no more need be said, at all.

"Your rooms that stood so full last night
Will stand not so proud today.

You'd rather have owned a vacant lot"
Less rubble to haul away."

Three fans returned to Los Angeles Town.
To the scene of the crime they came;
From Pittsburg and Berkeley and Richmond came down
Bringing fear and fire and flame.

Three fans looked out over wreckage cold
And agreed that they'd all done well.

Now the Devil can be desk clerk, the Djinn take the rooms,
And to Hell with the Hyatt Hotel!

SCIENCE FICTION, LET ME GO

Words: Jordin Kare

Tune: "Iron Mistress" by Leslie Fish
aka "Blackleg Miner"

Am G Am G E
Science fiction, let me go, just a day, an hour or so,
Am G Am G Am
To touch the world I'll never know with paperbacks around me.
Dm G Am E Am
But do I want my sanity, surrounded by mundanity?
G Am E Am G Am
I haven't missed humanity -- not since the day you found me.

Science fiction, let me doze between your sheets of pulpy prose.
Words in columns and in rows -- such are the things you gave me.
Your cardboard people, ill defined, inhabit plots that creak and grind.
Still, they serve to stretch my mind, and from television save me.

Queen of bookshelves, priced so high, for your readers do you try?
All other genres you deny, but sometimes allow a movie.
They tell me that you're just a phase. You're not really worth my praise.
But still, to use a hackneyed phrase: SF, I think you're groovy.

(Apologies to Leslie Fish -- there ain't nothin' we won't filk)

After Noreascon, not much happened until Octocon III, Oct. 11 in Santa Rosa. It was a small (800) pleasant con, mostly of interest because it was the first place that some of our Bay Area group (including myself) got invited to perform. We did a half hour of mixed solos and audience singalongs, and nobody walked out on us (well, almost nobody). Perhaps we'll formally put together a group one of these days.

Forward, Into the Past!

The gremlins have eaten my copy of #7 -- it hasn't turned up despite my biggest paperhunt in recent memory. I specifically remember reading it, but I haven't any idea where I put it. Thus I can only comment belatedly on #6:

Anakreon, John Boardman: My Ghod (he must be in there somewhere...!)

I see you got Poul Anderson's verses but not my new one --see Westerfilk.

QWxb!., Greg: RE tuning: don't really see the advantage over beating successive pairs of strings as is usually done. There are some electronic tuning gadgets around that are handy. Gary Anderson of LA has a visual zero beat unit -- an LED hooked to an oscillator and frequency counter. The LED slides under the string & works as a strobe light. For the sake of the harp (24 strings to tune!) I'm building a "universal tuning fork" which puts out a sine wave (easiest to hear beats against) for any note over 5 octaves. I may add a visual beat indicator as well. Unfortunately, it uses a commercial top-octave generator chip which is accurate only to $\pm 0.1\%$ (worst case) in its divider ratios. The error is only a fraction of a cycle per second for guitar strings, good enough for filk, but enough off to bother some people.

Did not see you at Noreascon, alas.

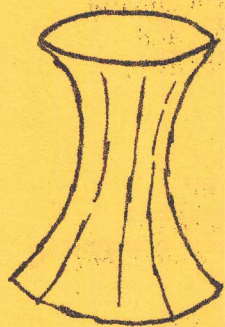
Funny, the songs I heard Roberta Rogow do at NEcon were quite long. Presumably her requirement for short songs applies only to stage performances.

Harold Groot: You I saw at NE con. Liked your stuff alot. You certainly don't sound like a neo performer.

I like Mark Geston's writing tremendously, and would love some good songs based on it. Alas, I fear "Blowin' in the wind," doesn't quite make it. Probably nothing not written by Mark Geston would -- there's something in the way he uses names that I don't know of any match for except perhaps Lord Dunsany. Mind you, I didn't much care for "50 Tribbles," till I heard it sung.

Bob Lipton: Rather liked "Nuke the Whales"

Gad, that seems to be all. What am I to do with all this white space?



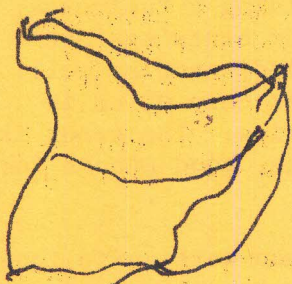
Hyperboloid of one sheet



Hyperboloid of two sheets



Hyperboloid of three sheets
to the wind



Garth Mac

FILKSONGS OLD AND NEW

verse 2, part 4

BY HAROLD GROOT

Well, I've finally done it. I've switched jobs. Now that the switch is final, I should have that free time that I've been promising myself. The new job is in Environmental Qualification for nuclear reactors, still in Pittsburgh, so my address is still the same. Since my old boss had a month's warning that I was leaving, he decided to get as much work as possible out of me before I left. It kept me busy, but it also enabled me to go to Bascon for 59¢. More on that later. Right now, it's time for a few

Grace Notes

- JB - I'm getting used to the tunes for Green Hills, but I don't think I've ever heard Thunder and Roses. I checked my library, and I don't have the book, either....I liked your Nuke the Whales verse.
- DS - Welcome. I liked Tale of Two Worlds....Dr. Who didn't seem to scan quite right, but I'm going to play it for some Dr. Who fans next time I see them....I don't know if Allen Sherman did it or not, but I do know that Fred Kuhn did it. This is an occupational hazard. I had started writing Who Put the Tribbles in the Quatrotriticale, only to find out that two versions already existed.
- RL - Gernsback Dollar is good....No, I've never taken either of the good tape decks to a con. The Sony died, and has been buried alongside the Sony portable that died at the 1979 Disclave. I have a Technics 671 that is ailing but coaxable....I also liked Trantor. The Earthport version had a guy trying to make it onto a starship, so it was true to the spirit of the original.
- LB - In case GB misses a deadline, the fuzzy verse was labeled YMM, not limerick...Will we really see your discussion with RL escalated? The charge for postage might go up....Galactic Entropy, from #2 for you newcomers, was very well received in Toronto....STL is also very good, although I prefer to put an A7 on the word "strong", then a Dm to start the next line.
- MR - Easy- I just attach more fingers....You've got a point on Art Show Blues....The third page didn't repro well, but I puzzled out most of it...."L" and "Q" are roughly the same as "Secret" and "Top Secret". It's not quite in the "Burn Before Reading" class, but it can get sticky. I left my clearances behind when I changed jobs, anyway.
- MM - To help preserve Tully, I bought out a store (they only had 5 bottles). It's a "discontinued" item in PA., and the stores are all out. SOB!!
- GB - When are you going to send me that copy of The Rebel Pilot's Lament you promised me? I keep getting requests, and by now I've almost forgotten the tune!

When I left you lastish, I was in the middle of a v time for filking. Autoclave, a disaster as a con but worth it since I met Toronto fandom and Paula Smith. Paracon, a good time, getting SOLO from George, getting in a lot of D&D, and some decent filking even if George and I did most of it. We split the time with some folkers - some good Irish stuff. Filkcon II, great singing by the pro GoH Marty Burke, who will not be singing for some time due to an operation to remove part of his tongue (cancer). Apparently everything is expected to be ok, including his singing, but it will take a bit of time. How much, I don't know. Lots of good songs were sung, old and new. Cliff Flynt got pelted with wads of paper when he sang The Punned It song. Fortunately, there were still some

left when Bill-of-all-instruments sang J for Jedi. My only regret is that I did not get the name and address of a neo, a femmefan with a lovely voice. We sang Centauri Fair together. MM had brought it in the brand new Wester-filk collection. A week off, then off to the Pennsic War. Roughly 2000 people at Cooper's lake. I sang in the Bardic Circle, around campfires, learned dance music for the recorder, carried water for the fighters, went down to the swimming hole, etc. and more etc. Had a great time. The next weekend was Noreascon. Filking till dawn four straight nights, a group of us descending on Dunkin Donuts one morning about 7 a.m., overstraining my voice one night, getting a total of 12 hours sleep for the entire con (and none at all Sunday night), singing my first Dorsai song to Gordy, finding out where Pittsburgh fandom is (and isn't), writing a few filks on-the-spot, listening to Clam Chowder and learning how to play bones, getting to hear some really good filking, watching MM break up as Jordin Kare sang the Designer, hearing some very good Amber songs, drinking a few sips of some very excellent mead, and wincing at all the tape recorders shutting off in the middle of songs. I decided that I could not sing and pay proper attention to a recorder, so I left the recorder in the room. No comments as to whether or not I made the right choice. Two weekends to recuperate, and the the 59¢ trip to Bascon (actually a large, relaxed party with no programming). My boss gave me tickets for two round trips, one for Pgh.-NY-Pgh, and the other to St. Louis. They were for a Th-F and the following M-T respectively. I traded those two tickets and 59¢ for one ticket that read Pgh-NY-Toronto-St. Louis-Pgh. Toronto fen are very nice. I was picked up and dropped off at the airport, loaned garb for a local SCA event (I hadn't known there would be one), got to sleep on a waterbed one night, and in general had a great time. Normally their filking is somewhat limited, but this time Cliff Flynt and John Hall came up as well. They left early, though. I filked until dawn again, when we split to invade "McDougle's". There was a great chinese banquet in Chinatown. The only bad part was that I picked up a cold that has lasted up until today. Not enough to keep me from working, but the cough has restricted my singing severely.

One of the nice parts of Filkcon and Noreascon was getting a chance to sit down and talk with MM. I told her at Filkcon that I couldn't seem to compose while driving. So naturally I composed a song while driving back from Filkcon. It was my first Dorsai song, and I sprung it on her the first night at Noreascon. Later that evening, in walks Gordy Dickson. MM says "Gordy, you have to hear this new song" and there I was. I had thought that I had gotten rid of the shakes and stage fright, but if you had put a rock under my right heel you would have gotten back a rather fine gravel by the end of the song. And yes, I was resting the guitar on that leg. Of course, Gordy is a wonderful audience. Just tell that to my leg. MM already printed it in Kantele, but I promised a few people it would be in APA-Filk, so here it is.

Noreascon itself spawned a few filks. One is being privately distributed until someone can spring it on the person who inspired it. The other one premiered at Bascon, and is based mostly on Noreascon events with another thrown in from Marcon. It's called Saturday Night at the Filk-
-ing .

(space-filling, address-giving time)

1100 Penn Center Blvd. Apt. 713 Pittsburgh, Pa. 15235

Drill, Ye Dorsai, Drill

by Harold Groot

Am
Early one morning, 'bout 5 O'clock,
E7
There were 20 Dorsai climbin' on the rock
Am
The sergeant watched them in their climb
E7
And he said "Once again, now, in HALF the time, and

Am E7 Am G Am
Drill, ye Dorsai, drill. Drill, ye Dorsai, drill.
C Am
For the skills you learn will save your neck in turn,
E7
Help your Dorsai pay to earn, and
Am E7 Am
Drill, ye Dorsai, drill. And load. And fire. "

Next Morning in the swamp at 6
They were improvising things with sticks
The sergeant showed them what to do
And he said to them when he got through, "Now

At dawn they heard the sergeant say
We'll march a hundred miles this day.
Exhausted men fell into bed
But an hour later the sergeant said, "Now

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Speaking of having space to fill at the bottom of a page, I heard a fragment the other day and I was wondering if anybody knows any more verses. It went

You'll go home in a body bag, doo-dah, doo-dah,
You'll go home in a body bag, oh, doo-dah day.
You were on rape, when you slipped and fell
You'll go home in a body bag, oh, doo-dah day.

Be warned - if nobody knows the other verses, I'll probably make up more myself. SF has lots of ways you could wind up in a body bag. And several ways where the bag you'd need could be a lot smaller.

Saturday Night at the Filksing

by Harold Groot

Tune: Saturday Night at the Movies

^G
Well, Saturday night at 12 o'clock, I know where I'm gonna be
^{D7}
I'm gonna be in the filking room, singing out in the key of ^G
Everybody in the room joins in, in ^{G7} F, ^C C sharp, or A-A-A-A-A-A
And we're gonna have a ball, 'cause that is the filking way!
^G ^{D7} ^G

^C Saturday night at the filksing, come on and join in the throng ^G
'Cause I just wrote a new one and it's 22 verses long.
^{D7} ^G

There's Passavoy and Middleton, for those who like voices sweet
Then I'll join in, sounding sort of like a cocker spaniel in heat
Juanita's there, the one who made the steam whistle sing in her key
But she finally met her match when she tried that trick on me!

Saturday night at the filksing, come on and join in the throng,
'Cause I just wrote a new one and it's 32 verses long.

Somebody brought a case of beer, it lasted 'till half past one
And then there was a flask of mead, two sips and it was done.
There's several kinds of harder stuff, in bottles they don't try to hide
But it never can compare with the Tully by my side!

Saturday night at the filksing, come on and join in the throng
'Cause I just wrote a new one and it's 42 verses long

Yes, Sunday morning at the filksing, come on and join in the throng,
'Cause we worked on it all night and now it's 92 verses long.

I grew up with the science fiction of the early 60's. The general consensus was that the first step was going to be to build a spinning donut type space station. Mercury always kept one face turned towards the sun. Venus and Mars could, or at least had, supported civilizations. I don't know if it's because they are the books I grew up with or not, but they carried a certain magic. A landing on a planet in some other solar system simply couldn't compare with the first landing on Mars or Venus. Ah, those were the days, when any competent scientist could build his own spaceship (or so it seemed). We weren't fettered by possessing too many facts. Atomic powered spacecraft were still a reasonable possibility. Ordinary construction workers could put together a space station. It was all so simple then. The universe, limited to our own solar system, was fairly cozy. Yes, those were the days when

We Didn't Need the Stars

by Harold Groot

Tune: Those were the days

Dm Gm Dm
Once upon a time there was a planet
D7 Gm
The air just thick enough to harbor life.
Dm
Another was a swamp, or maybe granite,
E7 A7
With fog so thick you'd cut it with a knife.

Dm
Those were the days, my friend
Gm
We thought they'd never end
C F
We'd write of life on Venus and on Mars.
Gm
A swamp and simple life,
Dm
A tale of war and strife
A7 Dm
Those were the days, we didn't need the stars.

Heinlein gave us dragons who could whistle
And in their language only tell the truth,
Martains who built fragile faerie towers,
A lasting place of beauty, calm and couth

Now our probes have visited the planets
The cultures that we put there cannot be
But when I read the books that I grew up with,
I find they have their magic still, for me.

For this next one I've fallen into my old style of keeping as many words and phrases from the original as possible. I'm still not sure why I like to write them that way, but I get a satisfaction roughly equivalent to having made a pun. Perhaps that's what I'm really doing, making a pun on the entire song. In this example, almost every single line relates to the original.

People have asked me, "What is Filk?" Sometimes I just say that

Filk is Just a Four Letter Word

by Harold Groot

Tune: Love is just a Four Letter Word

D Em
Seems like only yesterday I left my mind behind
D Em
Down in a filking session that broke up at half past nine
D Am
I sat with guitar heavy on my knee
D Am
Sang of life forms different than me
D Am
With eyes that in the infared could see
D Am
A phrase in Convention first to me
D
Occured
D7 G
That Filk is just a four letter word

Said a rattled backshift desk clerk "Guests complained at the break of day.
Me, I kept my mouth shut - you scared the cockroaches away."
My repetoire was limited, my mind was blank.
You were snoring while I sang
To the one who was at one time known as Yang.
He drank all the Tully that I brang
And then slurred
That Filk is just a four letter word.

I went on my way unnoticed and walked down the corridor
In and out of parties held on each and every floor
Searching for my double, looking for
An empty bed or crash space on the floor
The key I had would not work any door
I must have thought that there was nothing more
Absurd
Than Filk is just a four letter word.

Glad I am to be beside you at a filksing once again
You'd probably not believe me if I told you where I'd been
And it was very, very wierd indeed
To hear words like "No more Tully"
Some thoughts ran through my head I cannot heed
The lyrics on the page I cannot read
I can sing nothing to you but repeat
That I heard
That Filk is just a four letter word

Moving right along, it's time to head "Forward, into the past!" I don't remember exactly when this one came out, but it dates itself to being from the early 60's. It was obviously after Little Boxes, and yet it referred to beatniks. I don't recall exactly when the term beatnik was replaced by hippie, but it was around 64. I wonder who will write the spaceman's version of "ON the Road"? For that matter, I wonder who wrote this song. I could be stepping on somebody's copywrite here, but I don't ever recall anybody ever mentioning who wrote it. Of course, back then I was also uninformed as to what a few of the verses meant that I was singing. All I had to know was the fact that it was a tune I knew, and it was making fun of a group of people that were not well thought of (parental brainwashing strikes again). What do you want from an 8-year old, anyway?

See the Beatniks

Tune: Little Boxes

See the beatniks, in the village
See the beatniks on Macdougall St.
See the beatniks in the village
And they all look just the same

There's a tall one, and a short one,
And a white one, and a negro one
And they all go to the village
And they all look just the same.

(this dates it, too)

And the boys all wear dungarees
And the girls all wear sandals
And they're all non-conformists
And they all dress just the same

(and this)

And they go to the University
And they major in philosophy
And they're all deep thinkers
And they all think just the same

And they all read their Sartre
And they all read their Kirkegaard
And they all talk about it
And they all sound the same

And they all like folk music
And they dig Woody Guthrie
And just like Bob Dylan
They all sound just the same.

Well, here I am with a little bit of space at the bottom of a page to fill. This looks like as good a place as any to put in a plug for

DEBATEABLE DITTIES

a collection of SCA filksongs written by the ~~downy~~ happy people of the Barony Marche of the Debateable Lands. It costs \$2 plus postage and can be ordered from

Jean Martin
255 S. Murtland
Pittsburgh, Pa.
15208

THE NINJA AND SAMURAI SAM

by Taryn of the Evendein
(Carolyn Steely)

There once lived a lad in a shack by the sea
Where the mist and the seagulls fly,
And just one dream had he
That someday he would be
A great Ninja, by and by

Now this lad was a bit of a dimwitted lout
And a tad on the clumsy side
And where'er he went out
He would stumble about
But this had no effect on his pride!

So he said to himself "I am agile enough
And I'll learn with INCREDIBLE speed!
All this Ninja stuff
Isn't really THAT tough
Just some practice is all that I need!"

Then he went to the closet in his little shack
Through it's contents proceeded to root
He took down from the rack
Anything that was black
Saying "HALF of a Ninja's his suit!"

When he wore it he said "Well, it itches a mite
But Oh Lordy how macho I look!
I'll blend right out of sight
In the dead of the night
And it's JUST like the one in the book!"

Then he went out to practice his creeping around
And with usual elegant grace
He fell flat on the ground
With a TERRIBLE sound
And looked up to a REAL Ninja's face!

He arose and with vigor he pumped the gloved hand
With a grin and a wide-eyed stare
Saying "Fate has been kind!
You're not easy to find!
I've been looking for you EVERYWHERE!"

"You look like the Chief, so to you I will plead -
Won't you take me and teach me your skill?
A talent like me
Would be JUST what you need
And, myself, I could do with the thrill."

And with that, to the Chief's great dismay, it did rain
Giggling Ninjas from out of the trees
Then with obvious strain
Their composure regained
For that's NOT how they like to be seen!

When they all had recovered their normal grim state
And the last of the laughter had died
The Head Ninja said "Wait
While we ponder your fate
And we'll let you know what we decide."

Then he gathered together his men, and he said
"Killing this one would be far too mild!
He would be no fun dead
So let's let him, instead,
Be a Ninja - at least for a while!"

So they plotted with many a cackle and grin
Till at last they came up with a plan
The Chief said "You're in
If you first do one thing -
You must murder the Samurai Sam."

Now the Samurai Sam was their fiercest foe
He had made killing Ninjas his task
But the lad didn't know
(Being just a tad slow)
And of course he neglected to ask.

He just stood there astonished, and hope filled his eyes
And he said "I don't know what to say!
Golly, gee thanks guys!
I'll be back with my prize!
Just give me a couple of days."

So with purpose in mind, from the forest he went
And the Ninjas breathed sighs of relief
And the Chief said "Well men,
We won't see HIM again
But he WAS entertaining, at least!"

And the lad was halfway to the nearby town
When a thought through his mind quickly ran
But the Ninjas were gone -
No-one saw him turn 'round
And yell "Who IS this Samurai Sam??"

"Well, no matter" he shrugged "He can't be hard to find -
I'll keep looking and never relent!"
And with this on his mind
To the path he was blind
And ran into an elderly gent

"Hey! Watch where you're going, you ignorant boar!"
He said fiercely, "For Ninja I am!"
And the man laughed "Har har
Well if THAT's what you are
Then I must be the Samurai Sam!"

And the lad quickly slew him with sword's deadly stick
Saying "Now a REAL Ninja I'll be!
T'was a quite simple trick
And I did it right quick!
How impressed they will all be with me!"

Turning 'round, proudly back to the Ninjas he went
And bumped into a number of men
And they all laughed "Hee hee
If a Ninja YOU be -
We must ALL be the Samurai Sam!"

"Hey, they never said there would be more than one!"
Thought the lad, trying hard to recall
"But my task must be done,
And it IS kind of fun,
So I guess I'll just murder them all!"

And soon over the country the mystery spread
And it baffled the greatest of minds!
The land filled with dread
As a hundred lay dead
With no motive that any could find!

So a search was begun, and detectives in packs
Went perusing the city for clues
And they stayed on the track
Till in one victim's back
Was the sword that the murderer used!

"AHA!!!" they all cried, when a noise at the door
Made them jump, and a black form stood there
He said "You found my sword!
I could not thank you more,
For I thought that I'd lost it somewhere!"

And then much to the flustered detectives' surprise
He strode in and shook warmly their hands
Saying "One question, guys,
For you look fairly wise,
WHO THE HELL IS THE SAMURAI SAM???"

Then they jumped him and bound him with miles of rope
Till it covered him up to his neck,
And then the lad spoke
"As a Ninja, I'd hoped
I'd be met with a BIT more respect!"

But they carried him off, and with glee they cried
"It's interrogation for you!"
When they took him inside
He said "Thanks for the ride
But NOW what am I s'posed to do?"

Then a great booming voice came from over his head
And a great looming figure there stood
"I've some questions" he said
"About all these folks dead,
And the answers had better be good!"

The detectives then left, and a silent hush fell
Like a stifling blanket of doom
The man said "Now you tell
And the TRUTH might do well
For you'll not leave alive from this room!"

And the lad sat and shivered and shook from the strain
For he knew 'twas the hour of his death
"I'll try to explain
For there's naught to be gained
By a lie in my last dying breath!"

"See, the Ninjas devised a great quest for me
 Ere they'd let me come into their clan
 I'm a Ninja, you see,
 Or at least I WILL be
 When I've murdered the Samurai Sam!"

"I'll admit I was sidetracked and briefly derailed
 By imposters that said they were he
 But I wouldn't have failed!
 I was hot on his trail
 When your insolent brutes captured me!"

"I'm aware at this point I should do myself in
 For that's what a REAL Ninja would do,
 But I guess I can't win
 For my poison is in
 The spare pants of my spare Ninja suit."

Then he said "There's the basics, you don't need the rest."
 And then meekly he lowered his head
 Then drawing a breath
 He awaited his death...
 But the man started LAUGHING instead!

And he chuckled and giggled and bellowed and roared
 While the lad stared with widening eyes
 And it shocked him still more
 When he fell to the floor
 And from laughter rolled over and died!

But in last dying hiccup he managed to gasp
 "Could it be you don't know who I am?
 It appears that at last
 You've completed your task -
 For I am the Samurai Sam!"

For a moment, the lad at the body did gape
 Lying dead with no sign of attack
 Then he made his escape
 From that horrible place
 And no speed, in his haste, did he lack!

But the Ninjas were there, and in awe they were too
 As through forest towards home he did run
 Saying "How did you do
 That great task we gave you?
 For we've lost 50 men to that one!"

We want you for our leader, with your deadly skill!"
 Said the Ninjas, and all of them bowed
 "To learn your way to kill
 Would be SUCH a big thrill,
 Won't you join us and teach us all how?"

But the lad smiled and said "I don't think that I'll be
 One of you, I'm retiring instead.
 It's too easy, you see,
 Not a challenge for me
 And I think I'll quit while I'm ahead!"

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